

# The Clarkston Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 14.

CLARKSTON, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

\$1 PER YEAR.

## CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Entered at the Post Office in Clarkston as Second Class Mail Matter.

JAMES SLOCUM, - - - Proprietor.  
B. LYLE EISENBREY, - - - Editor.

THOS. YARWOOD,  
VETERINARY SURGEON.

CLARKSTON, - - - MICHIGAN.  
Address, Clarkston House.

ROBERTSON  
AND  
SUTHERLAND,  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.  
CLARKSTON, MICH.  
OFFICE DAYS  
Wednesday and Saturday.

ROBERT REID,  
Dealer in Light and Heavy Har-  
nesses, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trunks,  
etc.

CLARKSTON, - - - MICHIGAN.

J. T. P. SMITH,  
-DEALER IN-  
FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

CLARKSTON, - - - MICHIGAN.

## LIVERY!

If you want a first-class rig, either single or double, give us a call. Prices reasonable. Stage connecting with the D. G. H. & M. R. R. trains leaves Clarkston as follows, standard time:

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 5:40 a. m. east.  | 2:15 p. m. east |
| 7:35 a. m. west.  | 5:00 p. m. east |
| 10:00 a. m. east. | 7:30 p. m. east |
| 11:35 a. m. west. | 9:40 p. m. west |

Lewis & Bower, props.

## WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Prices Clarkston Merchants Are Paying for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Nov. 20, 1894.  
The following quotations are the latest market reports obtainable, up to Thursday morning of each week:

WHEAT—Red, 50 to 51c.  
BEANS—\$1.00 to \$1.25.  
BARLEY—90c., to \$1.05.  
OATS—30c.  
RYE—45c.  
VEAL—4c to 5c.  
HIDES—Green, No. 1, 3c  
LARD—10c.  
TALLOW—4c.  
BUTTER—Choice, 18c., to 20c.  
EGGS—17c.  
CHICKENS—Live, 5c., Dressed, 6 & 7c.  
TURKEYS—8 and 9c.  
Hogs—Live 4. Dressed, 4½ to 5c.

From the Oakland County Advertiser.

## A SURPRISE.

Louis Case Was Treated to One Monday Evening.

By invitation, eighteen of the gentlemen friends of Louis H. Case followed him as he went home to supper last Monday evening. Just after entering the house, hearing some one at the door he opened it, was greeted by the cry "Casey, Casey," immediately surrounded, and by congratulations, and many strikes, with several "to grow upon," was forcibly reminded that it was his birthday. For once Louis was speechless. The merry party was soon seated at the table in the dining room, when E. C. Humphrey with a few well-chosen words presented to the surprised young man a very fine ring.

The company was served by Miss Marion Patterson, and Misses Genevieve and Luella Case. Jokes and repartee went round the table.

The company was then seated in the parlor, and for an hour listened to song, piano and violin music, the whole circle joining in singing "America," proving that they have undeveloped musical talent of which Holly may some day be proud. The young gentlemen then returned to their places of business.

Louis cannot say that he really enjoys "a surprise," but wishes his birthday occurred every month.

## ANOTHER ONE DEAD.

Birmingham, November 26.—Emiel Granzo, the smallpox patient who was removed from his home near Royal Oak to the pest house at Detroit, died this morning. He will be buried at Royal Oak late to-night. There are now six cases in the infected districts, two at Clawson and four in the Granzo neighborhood.

## MERE MENTION.

W. H. Horton was at Pontiac Thursday.

Fred McElvane was at Pontiac Tuesday.

A. Myers of Flint, was in town Monday.

Sam Jossman spent Sunday at Detroit.

Ben. Miller and wife were at Pontiac Tuesday.

O. A. Smith has been ailing for a few days.

Joe. and Leman Gulick were at Pontiac Tuesday.

J. C. Phelps of Grand Rapids, was in town Monday.

Jake Gulick was at Pontiac on business Thursday.

Albert Osmun spent Thanksgiving at Imlay City.

W. H. Horton was at Flint on business Wednesday.

H. G. Sellman of South Lyons, was in town Tuesday.

F. D. Beasley went to Pontiac on business Monday.

Wilbur Vaughan was at Detroit on business Monday.

Mrs. M. S. Ross is reported not as well as last week.

Henry Houser and wife Sundayed at M. H. Van Horns.

Wm. Austin of South Lyon, was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Loan is visiting friends at Pontiac this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hudson, Tuesday, a girl.

A. R. Carran went to Pontiac on business Wednesday.

Ben. De Lisle is around again and working in the store.

Charles Benson of Owosso, called on friends here Tuesday.

Theron Vaughan spent Sunday with his family at Pontiac.

John Beardsley made a business trip to Pontiac Wednesday.

Dr. C. J. Sutherland and wife spent Thanksgiving at Oxford.

Eva Walter and Zoe Smith spent Thanksgiving at Ann Arbor.

Rev. Seldon and wife of Detroit, Sundayed with relatives here.

Charles Morgan and wife of Clintonville, Sundayed at J. C. Bird's.

Miss Minnie Lessiter of Gratton, is the guest of A. A. Hammond.

Miss Jennie Church of Summit City, is visiting at Joseph Lowery's.

Miron Van Sickle of Waterford, was calling on friends here Sunday.

John West and wife spent Thanksgiving with relatives at Detroit.

Preaching services at Oak Hill next Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

Oliver Osmun of Pontiac, called on Peter Green and family Monday.

Miss Jessie Frazier of Birmingham, spent Sunday here with relatives.

The Thanksgiving Party was well attended and all had a good time.

Joseph Bird and wife, and daughter Lizzie, were at Pontiac Tuesday.

Zimre Allen, who has been quite ill for the past week, is convalescent.

Charles Dewey and wife of Waterford, spent Sunday at James Fair's.

The young people are enjoying the fine skating on the pond this week.

Ralph Jossman and Claude Morehouse spent Thanksgiving at Oxford.

Miss Mary Barnier of Davisburg, was calling on friends here Thursday.

Dr. C. J. Sutherland witnessed the game of foot ball at Detroit Saturday.

The Prohibition League met at the home of Gay Plumb Tuesday evening.

J. D. Stotts of Geneva, N. Y., is in town this week delivering fruit trees.

Miss Allie Bird was the guest of relatives and friends at Austin Tuesday.

Mrs. Peter Smith delivered 804 pounds of fine turkeys to E. Jossman, delivery day.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon of Fostester, are the guests of M. H. Van Horn and family.

Miss Blanche Seeley has returned from an extended visit with friends at Detroit.

Andrew Sutherland of Oxford, was calling on relatives and friends here Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Beardslee, nee. Maggie Walter, Sunday, a ten pound boy.

Mrs. H. Gulick gave a very pleasant birthday party to some of her relatives Wednesday.

Henry Gerls and mother of Pontiac, were the guests of Frank Yager and wife Sunday.

John Vincent is improving the looks of his residence by putting in a large front window.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson of Rose, spent Thursday and Friday at Joseph Lowrey's.

H. Dresser and family of West Bay City, spent Thanksgiving with his mother at this place.

Persons wishing to attend the Heberlein Concert next Friday evening had better secure tickets early.

Kate Lowery left Wednesday for Cadillac where she intends to spend the winter with her sister.

Lewis Carran, Guy Walter and Chas. Bird of Detroit, spent Thanksgiving with their parents at this place.

Miss Lena Hammond and Miss Lillian Holcomb were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Whiticker of Windsor.

The donation at the M. E. church, Tuesday evening was a grand success. About \$100 was donated for the pastor.

Two young ladies of this place came so near buying out Detroit that they had to leave some of their parcels on the train.

Mrs. C. W. Green of Pontiac, and Mrs. W. V. Howard of Flint, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Green Saturday.

Patrons of the lecture course will please bear in mind that each entertainment begins promptly at 8 o'clock local time.

Mrs. Mary A. Perry, who has been visiting at W. Casement's for the past three months, has returned to her home at Fenton.

Abe. De Mund and Jay Linabury returned Tuesday from a four weeks hunt in the north woods. Jay killed two deer and brought one home with him which dressed over 200 pounds.

We understand that two couple from this place started out with the intentions of attending church at Seymour Lake last Sunday evening but when they arrived they were informed much to their dismay that there had been no services held there this summer.

## A LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

Argentine, Kan., Nov., 20th, 1894.  
CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

I told you in my last I would write again as soon as I found anything that would interest my friends. Last Monday I met one of my Michigan friends that was in the employ of the Smelter. I went all through and saw all the interesting scenes that were to be seen, such as gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, and metal. It is one of the largest institutions of the kind but is not running its full force now for during the winter they slack up a little. When running to its full capacity, she employs from 1000 to 1200 men and make from \$25,000 to \$35,000 of silver a day. I went into the engine room and saw immense machinery all in motion and the expenses are \$10,000 per day. This company owns a smelter at Alpaso, Texas, also their mines and cars.

Argentine is 35 miles from Lawrence, Kan., on the Santa Fe road and six miles west of Kansas City. The market square in Kansas City is just immense and as clean a market as I have ever seen and takes in one whole block. The street cars are all run by electricity from Argentine to Kansas City but those in Kansas City are run by cable. We are having beautiful weather, warm and fine. Last week I received a letter from Argentine, Kan., from one of my old Michigan friends that used to live in Macomb county for me to come to Argentine, so I came here and thought I would write a few lines from this place.

I visited the St. Margaret Hospital at this place and saw six or seven hundred patients mostly all laid up with rheumatism. The institution is supported by the Catholics and Sisters of Charity. I went through the dissecting room and everything is carried on in ample order. The patients are all allowed four meals a day; breakfast at seven, lunch at eleven, dinner at one, supper at five and all the fresh milk that one wants, (a good place to board me thinks.) The patients told me they all have the very best of care for the sisters are all so good and kind to the patients that no one dreads to go there. They range from three to eighty years of age and come from all over the globe to be treated and cared for.

After Thanksgiving I intend to go to Thayer, Missouri, and will stay two or three weeks. I will write a few lines from there. Good bye for this time.

MRS. F. L. WHIPPLE.

Do not fail to notice the coupon published elsewhere in this issue. It will help to obtain for you a beautiful picture. Every reader of the ADVERTISER is entitled to one.

## MURDER AT PONTIAC

MRS. MADDOCK MURDERED AND ROBBED.

Went On An Errand And Was Killed

ON A PRINCIPAL STREET NEAR HOUSES AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maddock, an old woman, was murdered Saturday night last on one of the principal streets of Pontiac. The tragedy took place near the center of third ward and but a short distance from the glare of the electric light.

Near the north end of Douglass street and not over a hundred feet of the new stone bridge, lived Ephraim and Elizabeth Maddock, aged 69 and 63, respectively. They were poor, respectable, frugal citizens, who had lived there for nearly a half century. Saturday night they left their home to purchase groceries and other necessities of life, stopping at the barracks of the salvation army of which they are both members and at the home of their son Ephraim, who lives but a short distance from them.

When they were about ready to depart the old lady discovered she had forgotten the bread. Her husband wanted to get it, but she declared, "No, I'll get it," and started back. It was then 9:30 o'clock. Her husband went home to build a fire.

Mrs. Maddock went to Toynton's bakery, a distance of about seven blocks and purchased the bread. She there met her daughter, Mrs. McHarness. It was about 10:15 when the old lady bade her daughter good night and started for home.

At 10:30 Wm. Hatz, a neighbor, and James Nelly, engineer at Pratt's laundry, discovered the prostrate form of the old lady stretched across the walk in front of a house on Huron street, about 200 feet from union street, and the same distance from the electric light. Life was extinct. Mrs. M. d. was found with her head crushed and her skull was crushed in front.

Undertaker Kelly discovered to the left of the center and back of her head, a wound three inches across, crushing the skull and sufficient to cause death.

It was also discovered that her pocket-book, containing \$5 or \$6 was gone, and it is supposed that she was murdered for money.

Sheriff Killam called a jury. They viewed the scene of the murder, which was covered with blood, and then the body and adjourned to Thursday.

There is little if any doubt that some one saw the money displayed by the old lady, sometime during the evening. Three times she opened her purse, once at Webb's meat market, again at the salvation army, and at Toynton's bakery.

Mr. Toynton says that no suspicious characters were in the store at the time she made the purchase, but it is quite certain that she was followed from there. The instrument that the assassin used must have been a heavy one judging from the terrible results produced.

The officers have been very diligent but there is not the slightest clue to work from.

Sheriff Killam was advised by a colored man to watch Harry West, a colored boy, about 18 years old, who has just returned from Ionia, where he has been serving a term for robbery. He called at the house of Mrs. West, grandmother of Harry, Monday, and inquired for Harry, who put in an appearance shortly afterwards. When asked what time he got home Saturday night, he said at 6:30 or 7 o'clock. He was then taken in charge by the officers and is in jail. It is claimed on authority that he was seen with another colored man looking into the bakery when Mrs. Maddock purchased the bread, and in the vicinity of where the crime was committed, and again about 11 o'clock in a saloon spending money for drinks.

His grandmother, when asked what time Harry had come in Saturday night, said she could not tell, but about 9 o'clock, she thought. West has always been known as a tough character.

At a meeting of the Pontiac common council Monday night it was authorized that \$200 be placed in the hands of the sheriff, and \$300 be offered as a reward for evidence that will lead to the conviction of the parties that murdered the poor lady.

Pontiac, November 27.—Harry West and James Brown, who were arrested Monday for the murder of Mrs. Ephraim Maddock were taken before Justice

Michael F. Lillis this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Owing to the prosecuting attorney being unable to attend to their preliminary examination now, the hearing was adjourned for one week. In view of the serious nature of the crime, Justice Lillis said he could not accept bail, so they were conducted back to jail by Sheriff Kellam.

There are no new developments in the case, and unless the officers are keeping back something for the examination, or new and important evidence appears, it will be a hard matter to tell what the outcome may be.

## CIRCUIT COURT CALENDAR.

The calendar for the December term of the Circuit Court embraces nine criminal and forty-nine civil cases. The criminal cases are: People vs. Wm. Cooney, forgery; People vs. Chas. King, larceny from a mill; People vs. Eugene Ostrander, perjury; People vs. Ray Rosenbark, perjury; People vs. Robt. Kyle, perjury; People vs. Geo. Hammond obtaining property by false pretenses; People vs. Joel McWithy, assault without intent to do great bodily harm; People vs. James Walker and John Donovan, attempted burglary; People vs. Geo. Cramer, larceny from office.

The eleven divorce cases on the docket are as follows: Anna vs. Chas. Uppelger; Myrtie vs. Nathan Simmons; George W. vs. Catherine B. Allen; Julia E. vs. Edward Van Wormer; Emily C. vs. Bloomfield Harmon; Mary E. vs. Clarence D. Richards; Hattie vs. Harry Hinks; Ida E. vs. Samuel Ketchum; Mary L. vs. Cory E. Dolbeer; Eliza vs. Thos. J. Jones; Mertie A. vs. James T. Carey.—Pontiac Post.

## STILL THEY KEEP RINGING.

M. H. Wendell and Miss Hattie Sibley made one.

Thursday evening, November 22nd, 1894, will be long remembered by at least two people and we know many others will remember the happy occasion for many months to come. We refer to the marriage of the only daughter of our fellow townsman, George H. Sibley. The ceremony took place a few minutes after 5 o'clock. Rev. A. W. Wilson officiated. The bride is well known here and highly respected by everyone. Mr. Wendell comes from a fine family and has many warm friends. He had a house neatly furnished at Holly where he departed with his bride on the six o'clock train. THE ADVERTISER joins their many friends in wishing them a long and happy journey through life.

## LETTER FROM MRS. G. H. MOORE

Extracts from a letter written by Mrs. George H. Moore to Miss Eva Vliet that may prove interesting to many of our readers.

THORP, Nov. 25th, 1894.

Dear Eva,  
I told you that I would write and intended to have done so long before this. We are all well and moved into our house two weeks ago. We have plenty of room with a good chamber but did not go to the expense of having it finished on the inside. It is made of rough boards with sheeting paper between, a double floor, shingle roof and chimney. George and Will Mills are building a barn and will soon have it done if the weather keeps good. We have not had any cold weather here to speak of and as our house stands in a warm place we do not feel the cold as we would in some places. It rained here in October about half the time, since then we have had some nice weather; there is about an inch or so of snow on the ground now. I get quite lonesome sometimes for we don't see a woman for two or three weeks at a time, but there are lots of men, mostly hunters. There was a camp just across the road from our house with four men, they were there three weeks and killed three deer. We bought some venison of them for five cents a pound, but they would not sell the saddles for they lived at Howard City and two of them keep a meat market. There were three hunters tents on our land and the deer have been hunted so much they have become so wild that unless there are three or four men along they can not kill one. I saw by the paper that your father killed two deer while he was gone. George has not hunted any yet to speak of for he has had so much to do.

They are going to have school here this winter, there will be two scholars, both boys, one 17 and the other 14 years old. Won't it be a dandy school? There are only three families in our school district and the school-house is about five rods from our house, it is small but comfortable. I must close with love to you all, hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your friend,

MRS. G. H. MOORE.

## ANOTHER HAS PASSED AWAY.

Sarah Christiana Ackert died Thursday, November 22nd, 1894, aged 65 years. Deceased was born in Jefferson county New York in the month of October, 1829. She came to Michigan with her parents in 1844 and was married to Alden Giddings October 1853. There has been eight children born to them, two girls and six boys who still survive her. Since coming to Michigan she has lived on the same farm, all the children being born there also. This is the first death to break the family circle. The funeral was held at the house at 1:30 Sunday, Rev. Wilson officiating. The remains were interred in Lake View cemetery.

## EXCURSION TO DETROIT.

The D. G. H. & M. Ry., will give an excursion to Detroit on Saturday, Dec. 1st, 1894, under the auspices of the "American Order of Independent Bicyclists." The rate for the round trip will be \$1.05 from Clarkston. The train will leave Clarkston at 9:33 a. m. reaching Detroit at 10:45 a. m., and return leaving Detroit at 7:00 p. m. A programme of entertainments has been provided and all are cordially invited to attend.

## A GRAND CONCERT.

The Heberlein Concert Company will appear at the Baptist church, Friday evening, December 7th, under the management of the Clarkston Lecture Association. This is undoubtedly the leading concert attraction now on the American platform and the people of Clarkston may congratulate themselves on having an opportunity to hear such talent as will appear in this concert. It was a mere chance that the manager secured this company for one entertainment in Clarkston, and our people ought to appreciate his efforts by giving them a full house. Think of talent holding a two weeks engagement in Boston this season and then being secured for a concert in a town of the size of Clarkston. But there is nothing too good for our town hence the manager has secured the best talent possible. The most learned and exacting musicians have only praise for this company.

Herr Herman Heberlein, Solo Cellist of the Koenigsberg Grand Orchestra, Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, the world renowned pianist and Miss Anna Louise Gillies, the charming soprano, constitute the company. Read their press notices which will convince you that this is the best company appearing before American audiences.

Picture coupon on fourth page.

Pontiac Gazette:—"William C. Richardson has reason to think that bad luck never comes singly. Last Saturday night he had the narrowest of escapes from a bad injury from a runaway of his team as he started home from the city; on Tuesday night he reached home from town at between 6 and 7 o'clock to find as he drove into his yard, the flames bursting out of the second story of his house, and such was the rapidity of the fire that the house and contents were soon consumed. The fire, undoubtedly, caught from a defective chimney in the second story. There were 500 bushels of potatoes and other supplies in the cellar. He had an insurance in the Monitor of Oakland county. The wind happened to be favorable, or the fire would have made a clean sweep of his barns and outbuildings.

Picture coupon on fourth page.

Fenton Independent: "Officers F. W. Butcher, of this place, and Allen Boyd, of Linden, went to Midland county last week in search of Ben Cooper and Hiram Connor. Cooper was wanted on charge of seduction, and Connor was charged with leaving a team standing on the streets of this village, from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight o'clock in the morning, in a cold storm, the result of which was that one animal died from the exposure, and the other is good for nothing. The officers did a clever piece of work in capturing their men. They attired themselves as hunters, and after driving five days finally found the objects of their search. They arrested the men and brought them back to Fenton, where they came up for examination in Justice Waite's court. Cooper settled his part of the trouble, and Connor was fined \$72 or ninety days at the house of correction. Officers Butcher and Boyd showed excellent judgement in capturing the men, and demonstrated that they are as good as the best of them in detecting and running down criminals.



## THE IDOL.

I have known it young, I have known it old,  
I have found an idol of purest gold;  
And yet there has always come a day  
When I saw that the idol's feet were clay.

Of purest gold was fashioned the rest,  
In that one idol I loved the best;  
And ah! that there should be this to say,  
That the feet were clay, the feet were clay.

You may watch till watching outdoes your  
night,  
Never the gold is a whit less bright;  
The idol never shall lose a ray,  
But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing the cost before;  
If only the idol is mine to adore,  
I cried, "it is naught if the trumpets pray  
That the feet are clay, the feet are clay."

At the thunder's voice should hear it afar  
That the idol is what all idols are;  
I take them for gold, what matters it, pray,  
If the feet of the idol are only clay?

And yet the news one day must come  
What takes them like of the idol's feet,  
In strife of squadrons, on moonlit bay,  
That the feet after all are nothing but clay.

Let the people tell it, and let them repent  
What takes them like of the idol's feet,  
To this assurance my life I'll hold,  
That the idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshiper must be brave and wise,  
The god is a dauntless gazer's prize;  
The blind who chant in the same dull way  
That the feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eyes of the blind awake,  
Let them see the truth for the truth's own  
sake.  
Then shall know 'tis a foolish tale is told  
That even the feet are of naught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light,  
Let them see truth in their visions of  
night.  
So shall they an idol fashioned behold  
Through and through of the purest gold.  
—Longman's Magazine.

## BILLY.

Billy was the idol of Rafferty Court. Toddlekings, the baby on the second floor, cried for him; Royal Dare, the artist, painted him for the academy; pretty Irene de Boudet, who did the burlesque work at the Gaiety, showered him with bon-bons, and Toddlekings' mother invited him to lunch and let him run errands for her. Every one called her Toddlekings' mother. And every one in the court, with the exception of the artist was uniformly kind and deferential to her.

She was so girlish and pretty in her straight, long gowns—all too fine for Rafferty Court, her laughter was so contagious yet so fitful, her eyes so young and wistful, and her manner so appealing and confiding, that all hearts were insensibly welded to her.

Royal Dare execrated babies, so he told Billy, as he closed the studio door upon Toddlekings' lusty shouts one morning.

"Nobody could hate this baby," Billy said, with mutiny in his face, as he settled into his favorite pose. "Of course with some babies it's different. But Toddlekings' is the cunningest feller! He's got little yaller curls all over his head just like his mother's. I say, Mr. Dare, why don't you paint Toddlekings' mother?"

"Never saw her," Dare affirmed, taking a brush from his mouth.

"She's got hair just like that there picture of the Lorelei you showed me, and it shines all over just like gold!"

"I hate golden hair," Dare said, exactly as he had said "I hate babies."

So Billy, who knew his moods, and recognized his present one, gave a low whistle and relapsed into a philosophical silence.

That evening, as Toddlekings' mother sat rocking to and fro in the firelight, with Toddlekings' fluffy head snuggled close beneath her chin, and Billy on the rug at her feet counting the baby's bare toes, the conversation turned on Dare.

"Baby," admonished Billy, "you must never so much as yelp when Dare is around. He don't like babies."

"Oh, Billy!" said Toddlekings' mother, aghast.

"This pig went to market," droned Billy. "He don't. Said so. And he hates golden hair. Don't know which he hates the most. Does he, baby? He's a regular cannibal."

"Why, Billy, what is he like?"

"Oh, he's a tip-top swell all right, and mighty nice when he ain't in one of his moods. But he ain't got the disposition of no angel, I can tell you. And he gets riled all-fired easy, and when he heard Toddlekings cry this morning it was just like shaking a red flag before a bull."

"What a monster he must be!" said Toddlekings' mother, brushing aside a stray whisp of hair which the baby had drawn over her eyes.

She was so pretty in the light from the fire that Billy wished in his heart that Dare could see her. She wore soft white ruffles at her throat and wrists, and her gray gown took on all sorts of tints in the firelight, and her face was so round, and young, and rosy as it rested against her boy's head, with yet something pensive and womanly and indescribably strong in its expression.

Billy released the baby's toes and sat up.

"I wish he could see you," he said. "I know he'd paint you. He's been hunting high and low for a model, and I know you're just the one to suit him, and you need the money."

Toddlekings' mother smiled in an enigmatical way as she laid her baby on the bed, and honest Billy felt unaccountably ashamed of his volubility.

One day some weeks later just before the beginning of the holidays, Billy presented himself at the artist's door with a request.

"We're gettin' up a Christmas tree for the baby. It ain't time yet, but he's hounding cough, and we want to surprise him. Wouldn't you like to chip in?" he asked.

"Oh, hang the baby!" Dare cried, dropping his mahi stick. "See here, Billy, I'm on the ragged edge of despair. I must have a model by to-morrow afternoon for this picture of antique Rome. You know plenty of people at the theater; couldn't you put on the track of some one if I

made me it an object to you to do so?"

Billy grunted.

"I've got to put in all my spare time riggin' up the tree for Toddlekings. Why don't you try Miss de Boudet again?"

"Billy, I've a good mind to choke you! I don't want a fashion plate—I want a woman. I'll tell you what I'll do. You find me the person I am looking for and I'll see to that youngster's tree. I'll be it outright—candles, bonbons, colored pop corn, rattle box and all!"

Billy looked wise.

"And how much will you pay your model?"

Dare stared.

"You young imp! The usual price."

"Tain't enough," Billy said.

"Tain't enough for the model I have in mind. But it depends on how you want her to pose whether I can get her. She ain't a profesh."

"Ah, indeed! Well, want her to pose in Grecian costume, my fastidious young friend. And the pose is easy, and I'll pay any reasonable sum. Now, then is it a bargain?"

Billy looked serious.

"Yes," he said finally, "I think I can manage it."

Down stairs Toddlekings' mother hung over the little bed, red-eyed and bugged. The small face looked very wan and pinched lying on the pillow, and the bright eyes were languidly closed.

"Oh, Billy!" Toddlekings' mother said, as the door opened. "If I could but afford to call a doctor! Billy, Billy! It does seem as if God is very unjust."

"God helps them as helps themselves," Billy said, patting first the baby and then her. "Don't cry—don't cry! It chokes me all up to see you. And if you want to earn some money, you can do it easy, and be right where I can call you if baby gets worse."

Toddlekings opened his eyes and tried to smile; and poor Billy found the lump in his throat overmastering, and, going down on his knees, gave the little fellow a timid hug, which was a feeble outlet for his pent up feelings.

There was a look of distaste on the woman's face as she answered Billy's appeal.

"You are referring to the artist who is in want of a model? Oh, Billy, you frighten me! I am frightened at the thought! To pose, Billy—surely no one who was really nice would do that!"

"Miss de Boudet does, and she's the sweetest girl at the Gaiety, I can tell you," Billy answered with enthusiasm.

"Yes—but Billy—ah, no, I can't! That ends it." And Toddlekings' mother walked away to the window and hid her face in the folds of the curtain, that Billy should not see her tears.

But astute Billy guessed at them, and following her, he waited to plead his cause.

"It's this way, you see," he said at last in a thick tone. "I know you ain't used to it. But it's nothin', only just to pose in Greek custom for an hour at a time; and I don't know, but it seems to me if it's for him—" pointing to the bed—"anything would be all right. He'll pay well. I told him he'd half to. And I will stay with the youngster, and tend him just as carefully! And then think of all the lovely things you can buy him—orange, and wine, and cakes—My!"

Billy ended in a breathless state of excitement and Toddlekings' mother wheeled around and kissed him rapturously on his earnest lips.

"I'll do it, Billy! I know you are right. Thank you so much for showing me my duty. Oh, Billy boy, you can't know how hard life is some times!"

"She'll come!" Billy cried a second later, opening the studio door to find Dare sitting moodily over his paintings. "She'll be on hand to-morrow morning bright and early, and you want to treat her like a lady, for a finer one never stepped."

Dare frowned.

"Where did you find her Billy? Some of your theatrical friends?"

"Never you mind where I found her," Billy said, with a sudden withdrawing of the lips. "Tain't nothin' to you who she is, or where I found her, so long as she'll do."

"All right," Dare said kindly, marvelling at the innate chivalry of the lad. "And the tree, where am I to get that? It's too early to buy one in the shops."

Billy had his hand on the door, but he looked back and slowly shook his head.

"Don't bother about that now," he said. "Poor little chap. He wouldn't see it or take no notice of it, he's too sick. Wait till he gets well, then we'll settle it."

The next morning promptly at 8 o'clock Billy presented himself at the door of Toddlekings' mother in fulfillment of his promise to watch by the baby. The vision that greeted his eyes as he entered caused him to give an exclamation of delighted surprise, Toddlekings' mother stood before him in a long gown of white. It was soft and diaphanous and clinging, and her round, warm neck and pretty pink arms were quite bare. She had gathered her tangled curls into a glistening knot at the back of her head, and bound some bits of white ribbon above her brow, and altogether the effect on simple Billy was indescribable.

"Toddlekings, Toddlekings, look at your mother!" he cried, lifting the heavy head.

But the baby only gave a slow, sobbing breath, and dropped against the pillow.

"I guess he's goin' to be all right," Billy said encouragingly, as he met the wide, startled eyes of the mother across the pillow. "You'd better run right along. He'll expect you good and early. Don't cry! Please, now

—it'll spoil your eyes and he won't like it. I'll come for you if baby gets one speck worse."

Left alone, Billy sat down on the edge of the bed and scrutinized the little form attentively. The tears which he had so carefully repressed a moment since brimmed up in his eyes and dripped down on the pillow.

"I said he was gettin' better," he thought, "and he's gettin' worse every minute."

He got up and took a cup of water from the table and held a spoonful to the parched lips.

"Water!" he said, and he'd orter have brandy."

He sat down again and took the baby's hand in his.

After at least an hour had passed, he started up and went out softly. He mounted the stairs to the artist's room. The studio door was closed, and he knocked reluctantly. He could hear a confused murmur of voices within; but no response came to his knock, and after a pause he rapped again, louder and louder.

A step sounded on the floor, the door swung in, and Dare stepped out into the passage.

"I want you to give me a dollar," Billy said, taking hold of his coat and speaking in a whisper. "I must get some brandy. Baby—that is Toddlekings—is worse."

He was so engrossed with his mission that he did not notice Dare's demeanor until he drew the door to and leaned heavily against it.

Billy never forgot the look on his face. He did not understand it in the least then; but later he did—when he and Toddlekings' mother and Dare stood around the little bed, and he heard the woman's hopeful words.

"I really think he knows you, Royal," she said, "See, he looks at you as if he remembered. Say papa, darling, can't you?"

Billy saw the child stretch out his arms toward Dare. He saw the man lift the little form and fold it in his arms, and then he sprang to his feet and ran from the room. He was afraid to see Toddlekings die.

But Toddlekings did not die. When Billy crept back, hours after it was to learn that he was better, and the doctor who had been called said the worst was well over.

The good news was too much for Billy; he turned away with a sob.

Some one came along the corridor behind him and passed an arm over his shoulder. It was Miss Irene de Boudet, the actress from the Gaiety.

"You look knocked out, she said, with a flash of sympathy in her bold black eyes. "Toddlekings' mother has been hunting high and low for you. They'll do great things by you. Billy, for the part you've acted by baby. Isn't it funny to think of that handsome Mr. Dare being a married man all this time? And to think that it should be Toddlekings' mother he was married to! That is the funniest part. Now Billy, don't cry. All's well, you know. Come to the theater with me; it will brace you up."

But Billy's place at the theater was vacant for many a long day, and when he went at last it was only to say good-by to his old haunts and associations before he sailed for Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Royal Dare and Toddlekings—Waverly.

### The Lord's Prayer.

The prevalent belief doubtless is that in whatever exact words it was originally spoken, it was wholly the creation of Jesus himself, and therefore of divine origin. The facts seem to show that such is not the case. In Conway's "Sacred Anthology," which is a selection from the sacred books of all religions, will be found the following ancient Jewish morning prayers, with which Jesus was, of course, familiar, and of which the Lord's Prayer is evidently largely a condensation: "Our Father who art in Heaven, proclaim the unity of thy name, and establish thy kingdom perpetually and reign over us to all eternity. Our Father who art in Heaven. Thy will be done on high; vouchsafe to bestow a peaceful and tranquil mind to those who honor Thee on earth, but do, O Lord, what seems good in thy sight. Give me only bread to eat and raiment to put on. Forgive, O Lord, those who have this day offended me. Let us, O Lord, not fall into the power of sin, transgression, or iniquity, and lead us not into temptation. Subdue our inclinations that they may be subservient to Thee. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, power, glory, and majesty."

### Wanted to See the Fun.

The Earl of Rosse, a mechanical engineer of no mean order, the other day entered the engine-room of a large manufactory and gazed carelessly at the working of the machinery. Suddenly he was seen to shake his head, pull his watch out, and to look first at the engine and then at his time-piece. The engineer's attention had been attracted by this somewhat odd behavior of the stranger, and apostrophized him in a rude and aggressive manner with a "Well, what's up now? What is it that you've got to find fault with, anyhow?" "Oh," replied Lord Rosse, "it's all the same to me; I've got no fault to find. I'm just waiting till the boiler explodes."

"The boiler explodes? Why, you are crazy, man!" exclaimed the engineer, angrily, preparing to turn the peer out as a dangerous crank. "Well," retorted the Earl, "if you work ten minutes longer with that loose screw there, the boiler will certainly explode." The engineer, gazing in the direction indicated by Lord Rosse, paled and jumped to stop the engine. "Why the devil didn't you say so sooner?" he blurted out. "Why should I? I have never yet had the opportunity of seeing a boiler explode."

WHEN a man tells his wife one thing, she concludes in her mind that it is sagacity to believe the reverse.

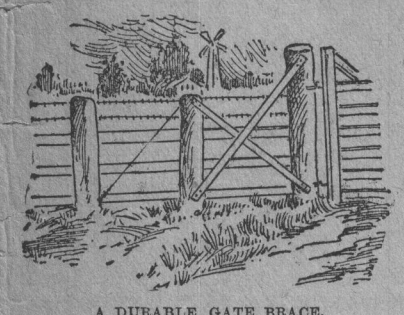
## HOME AND THE FARM.

### A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Squirrel-Tail Grass an Enemy of the Farmer—Cost of Feeding a Cow—Method of Bracing Gate Posts—Dark Crate for Ripening Fruit.

#### Bracing Gate Posts.

A very effective method of preventing a gate from sagging so low that it will hardly shut is shown in the illustration. In selecting the material, the upright post to which the gate is swung should be of large size, strong and durable, at least a foot in diameter and more if possible. Set it deep down into the ground, big end down that it may not rot so soon and lean very slightly, opposite to the gate. Tramp firmly from the bottom of the hole to the top. With two pieces of 2x scantling securely brace the large post, as shown in illustration, placing the braces in the form of an X. These may be secured either by bolts or large wire nails.



A DURABLE GATE BRACE.

possibly both can be used to advantage. Then after they are properly secured, make the job still more complete by running a strand of wire from the top of the second fence post to the bottom of the third, pulling this as tight as may be. This method of bracing gate posts is simple and at the same time effective, and if the work is properly done and the gates themselves securely nailed together, there need be little difficulty with sagging farm gates.

#### Squirrel-Tail Grass.

Squirrel tail grass (hordeum jubatum) is a Western species of grass which has become widely distributed over the Northern United States. It spreads early and rapidly. It usually appears in meadows in thick stools. The plant stands erect and 6 inches to 2 feet high, the glistening, wavy heads presenting a pretty appearance. The stems and leaves are light green and rough to the touch. The flowers form in a dense spike four inches long, and are pale green and often purplish. At maturity the flower-heads break up into sections, each bearing a single seed. Each section consists of a short portion of the flower stem barbed by short, stiff hairs along its edges; this bears seven long, slender awns, one of which is expanded at the base and contains the seed; each of the awns is barbed.

This is considered the worst weed in Nevada. Its presence in the meadows depreciates the feeding value of hay, as the barbed awns lodge in the mouths and throats of animals and produce angry sores. As the best means of preventing the further spread of this pest the Nevada Station, in bulletin No. 22, recommends that the plants be pulled and burned before the heads appear, as the seed is fertilized very early and the plant's power of seed development is very great.

#### Dark Crate for Ripening Fruit.

Some varieties of apples and pears must be ripened in a dark place, with a constant condition as to temperature and as to moisture in the atmosphere for best results. It is well established that the Keiffer pear is vastly improved over the ordinary process of ripening by being picked and ripened in a dark cellar. The same is true with some varieties of apples, among which is the Porter—a magnificent fruit, if properly brought to its best estate, but inferior and of an exceedingly short duration of value as a desert fruit, if kept exposed to light and the ordinary atmosphere. The illustration shows a crate in which such fruit can be placed as picked from the trees, and immediately carried to the cellar. This crate, having its sides arranged like window shutters, admits the air but not the light, should the cellar be well lighted. If preferred, the ends of such a crate could be solid, with the shutter arrangement upon the two sides only.

FRUIT-RIPENING CRATE.

#### The Time to Plant Evergreens.

Evergreens differ from deciduous trees in the fact that there is no time of year when they are not evaporating a considerable amount of water through their foliage. But this evaporation is greater at some times than at others, the largest amount being from the new growth in early spring and summer. As a consequence of this evaporation there is unusual call upon the roots for moisture. If the soil is warm and moist new roots put out rapidly. At the beginning of the new growth, or a little before, is, therefore, the best time to plant evergreens. We notice that some leading nurserymen advise planting evergreens late in the summer or early fall. Their argu-

ment is that the soil is then warmer and in better condition to stimulate cool growth than it is earlier. We do not doubt that with care evergreens may be successfully planted in August or September; but there is then a considerable new growth of leaves, which must be checked by transplanting. It would seem to be much like planting deciduous trees in midsummer. It may be done, but there must be more chances of failure than if the experiment be tried in late spring before any new growth had been made.—American Cultivator.

#### To Prevent Pneumonia.

As pneumonia is essentially a congestive disease, the best preventative measures are those which avoid the causes of congestion. Pulmonary congestion is favored by too heavy clothing worn in winter weather. A serious error is the supposition that a double set of flannels worn next to the skin affords double protection. The fact is that in such a case the inner flannel absorbs all secretion and perspiration, which are there retained by the outer flannel. An almost poultice-like action is thus brought about, softening the skin and rendering it highly susceptible to the slight exposure.

(Over-heated, ill-ventilated rooms, and the sudden transition from these to the sharp outer air, are other avoidable predisposing causes of the disease. He who uses a cold sponge bath with brisk rubbing every morning, who wears the lightest clothing consisting with comfortable protection, and keeps his living-rooms well ventilated at a mean temperature of 68 degrees, is employing the best preventive treatment of pneumonia known to sanitary science.

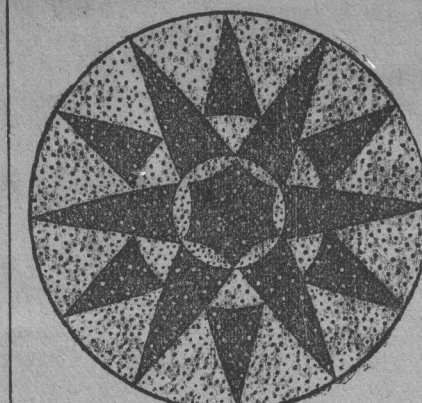
#### Saving Tomato Seed.

The tomatoes should be left on the vines until thoroughly ripe, then pick them and lay them in some sunny place until they begin to get soft and show symptoms of decay. As soon as this appears mush them thoroughly and add three or four times as much water as there is pulp, and set the whole away until it begins to ferment, which is shown by the frothy appearance of the mass. Now wash the pulp free from the seeds by adding water freely. The pulp will rise to the top and the seeds settle to the bottom, and will be free from any tissues that surround them when in the fruit. Spread thinly and dry in the sun or in a warm room. If the operation is properly performed the seeds will not stick together, and will look as if covered with a short pile like velvet when dried.—American Farmer and Farm News.

#### Canvas Frames.

Next to glass for admitting light and heat, place the painted canvas frame. For these first make the frame the length and width of the bed, and cover it with canvas, using zinc tacks. Then apply a dressing made by mixing over a fire in a saucepan three parts linseed oil, one ounce sugar of lead and four ounces white rosin. If stirred well, it will be of the consistency of paint when cold, and may then be put on with a brush, one coat inside and two coats outside.

#### Twelve-Point Star Quilt.



#### Next Year's Small Fruit.

The extra care given during the summer and early fall to all kinds of small fruit is well repaid in the crop next season. If these are neglected now, it will be too late next spring to make up for the neglect by anything that can be done then. If weeds are kept out of summer-planted strawberries from the first, and they are well mulched in spring, there will be little trouble from weeds until the first crop of fruit is ripened.

#### Notes.

SQUARE bushel and peck measures are now being manufactured and introduced. They are pronounced in every way more convenient than the old cylindrical style.

THE Crawford County (Pa.) farmer who gathered 184 bushels of strawberries from a single acre has the true idea of beating out the present stagnation in farming communities.

FOR the white grub that is so destructive to young cabbage some one says: "Mix one pound of flour of sulphur thoroughly through a bushel of hardwood ashes and give three spoonfuls to each plant."

HAY should be a paying crop on rich land. With a yield of two tons per acre it is one of the most profitable crops that can be grown, and leaves a large proportion of roots in the soil to enrich it.

GLASS cylinders 5½ inches long and an inch in diameter, known as grafting tubes, are in use at the Swedish Agricultural College for grafts and for starting slips and cuttings, and the use of grafting wax has been entirely abandoned in their favor.

ANOTHER bulletin on peach yellows has been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The substance of all that is said on the subject is included in the advice to destroy every affected tree as soon as symptoms of the disease are discovered.

### Short and Simple

The marriage ceremony practiced by the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled tribe with great solemnity, and seated side by side. A betel nut is then cut in two by the medicine woman of the tribe, and one half is given to the bride and the other half to the groom. They begin to chew the nut, and then the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together, and they are declared man and wife.

### Benevolence in the Factory.

A prince among advertisers, William L. Douglas, President of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Montello, Mass., is not less eminent for practical kindness to the host of people employed by him in the production of the celebrated \$3 shoe. We look naturally to a man of his enterprise for comprehensive and noble benevolence, and we are not disappointed. Adding still another expression of his manly good feeling toward people who depend on him for a livelihood, he has appointed a well-equipped physician as custodian of the health of the work people. Every person employed at the factory commands the doctor's services, either within its walls, or, if needed, at his or her own home; and it is within the physician's province, of course, to prescribe absolute rest when this shall appear necessary or desirable. The Douglas doctor exacts no fees from his patients, his engagement being by arrangement with Mr. Douglas, whose claims on the loyal good feeling of his employees are emphasized by this expression of his bounty.

It ought to be generally known that since December, 1888, the principle of arbitration has been recognized by formal agreement of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. with its employees, every man in the employment of the firm signing an agreement to submit any disagreement that may arise and not otherwise be settled to the State Board of Arbitration for a decision to bind both parties.

THE man who has children never knows where his bad habits will end.



### N Society

women often feel the effect of too much gaities—balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run-down" by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nerve, especially adapted to woman's delicate frame; it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting cure with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

### "FEMALE WEAKNESS."

Mrs. WILLIAM HOOVER, of Belkville, Richland Co., Ohio, writes: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness.' I tried three or four different doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."



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**LOWEST**  
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**MY ELECTRIC BELT** sent on TRIAL **FREE**  
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## I Had Salt Rheum

On my hands for six years. I consulted different physicians and took different medicines, but did not realize relief from any of the treatments. I suffered terribly, and finally gave up, discouraged. Noticing the good Hood's Sarsaparilla was accomplishing, I purchased a supply. When I had taken a fourth of a bottle I noticed a decided change of feeling in my hands. I continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and, to the surprise of the neighbors and myself, my affliction was soon perfectly cured. Since then I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring to keep my system in good order. I give it to my children also with benefit to their health." Mrs. J. S. Whiteside, Aliso, Ill.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

### The Sun's Three Motions.

The sun has three known motions: 1. An axial rotation, which is plainly shown by the appearance and disappearance of well-known spots upon his surface. The mean period of this axial motion is 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  of our days. 2. A motion around the center of gravity of the whole solar system—a motion which can only be ascertained by the use of very delicate instruments on account of his great mass, which is greater than the total of all other bodies of the system combined. 3. A progressive motion through space in the direction of the constellation of Hercules. The rate of speed of this last named motion is not known, but is estimated to be 150,000,000 miles per year, and some investigators even think it possible that the rate will exceed the above estimate by at least half.—St. Louis Republic.

THE Lord's love seems never so undesirable to a man as when you tell him that the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

## DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

**Biliousness**  
Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation.

**Poor Digestion**  
Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pain in the heart.

**Loss of Appetite**  
A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

**At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size.**  
"Invaluable Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.  
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**CURES ALL Ailments of Women.**

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation, Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhoea than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

**Bearing-down Feeling**  
causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

## Ely's Cream Balm

**WILL CURE CATARRH**

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY, BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

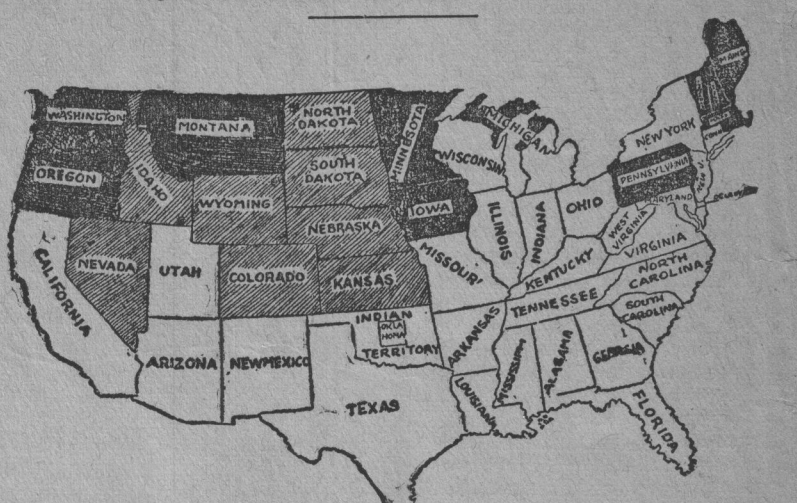
## CANCER CURED with

Send for circular, FREE, containing names and addresses of over 1,000 persons cured by Bachelor's Famous Cancer Treatment. J. H. BACHELOR, M.D., Cancer Specialist, 28 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

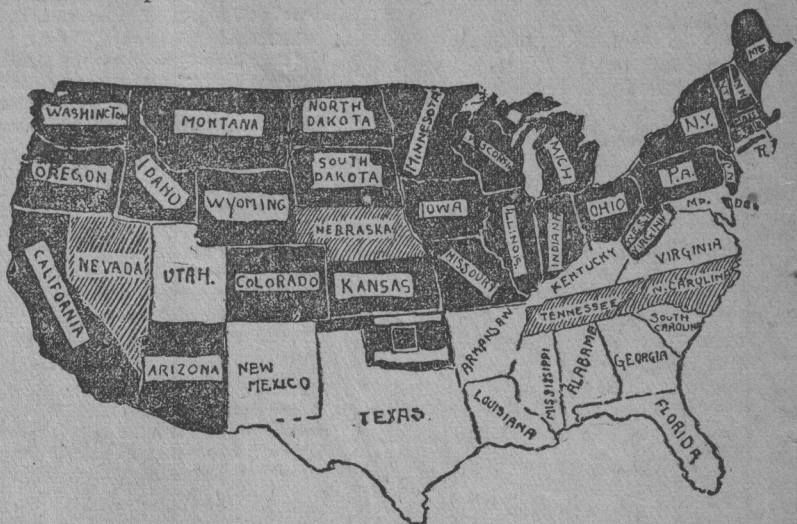
## DR. KING'S STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST, IN 5 & 10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. MORSE BROS., PROP'S, CANTON, MASS.

## HOW THE LANDSLIDE LOOKS ON A MAP.



Political Map of 1892.—White States Democratic, black States Republican.



Present Political Map.—White States Democratic, black States Republican.

### MISS WILLARD CHOSEN.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union Again Elects Her President.

There was a slightly decreased attendance at the convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in session at Cleveland, Tuesday. Immediately after the devotional exercises Mrs. Campbell, of Wisconsin, gave notice that at the next annual convention she would move to amend article 4 of the constitution by the substitution of the words "Vice President at large" after the word "President."

After this notice was given Mrs. E. Sturtevant Peel, of California, arose and announced that Miss Jessie Acherman, around-the-world missionary of the union, was seated with the California delegation, and Mrs. Peel desired that she be given a seat on the platform. Miss Acherman was by vote made a member of the convention and was escorted to the platform. After this reports from the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association were called for. The first given was that of Miss Margaret Suddith, managing editor of the Union Signal, the official organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and after she had finished Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson reported for "books and leaflets." Mrs. Caroline F. Crow next reported, also for the Union Signal.

Samuel Dickey, of the Prohibition party, then spoke briefly and humorously. After Mr. Dickey had concluded the election preliminaries were begun by the appointment of tellers by the chair. Each teller represented different sections of the country. Just before the tellers began to pass about the audience Miss Alice Harris took a seat at the piano and began to sing, "Blest Be the Tie." Instantly the convention arose and joined in the singing of the hymn.

The first ballot taken was for President, and resulted in the unanimous choice of Miss Frances Willard. The President was then presented with two gavels sent by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Churchill, N. Y., the wood being taken from the house where Miss Willard was born. Miss Willard then nominated Mrs. L. H. N. Stevens for Vice President-at-Large, and she was also unanimously elected to that position. Then came the election of a Corresponding Secretary to fill the place of Mrs. Stevens, who had just been elected Vice President-at-Large. Of the 390 votes cast, Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson received 280, and was declared elected. Afterward her election was made unanimous. Mrs. Clara Hoffman was unanimously elected Recording Secretary, and she followed with a brief address of thanks for the honor. Next came the election of Treasurer, and Mrs. Helen H. Barker was promptly re-elected by a rising vote. After a short address by Mrs. Barker the convention took a recess.

The feature of the afternoon session was the exercises in memory of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, late Recording Secretary of the national organization, who died about a month ago.

### MEET DEATH IN A MINE.

Seven Men Killed and Many Injured by an Explosion at Colliers, W. Va.

A most appalling mine disaster occurred Tuesday shortly after noon at the Blanch coal mines on the Panhandle Railroad at Collier's Station, W. Va. A new miner, an Italian, put off an overcharge blast, which ignited the coal dust in the mine and a fearful explosion followed, carrying death and destruction in its path. There were forty-eight men in the mine at the time and seven are known to be dead.

After the explosion there was a terrific whirlwind in the mine, carrying everything before it. Miners Donnelly and Rooney were in the mine some distance from and going toward the mouth. The force of the explosion drove them nearly 100 yards out of the mouth of the mine and landed Rooney on the railroad track, killing him instantly. Donnelly landed in a gully, striking his head against a post. His brains were dashed out and scattered for yards around. His wife was the first to find him, and she swooned away. There is little hope that she will recover.

The news of the disaster quickly spread, and in a few moments hundreds of people were crowded about the mouth of the mine. Many heart-rending scenes were enacted. The wives and children of the miners were frantic and strong men were overcome. In a short time a rescuing party was organized and went into the mines after the bodies. Prosecuting Attorney Colton and Coroner Walkinsaw of Wellsburg were soon on the ground and took charge of the bodies. They will conduct a rigid investigation. This is the second accident of the kind which has

occurred at this mine. Just two years ago a similar explosion occurred, in which three were killed and several injured. The miners charge that the accident was due to the inexperience of the Italian miners and declare they will not work with them any more.

### CORN YIELD VERY LIGHT.

Present Indications Are that It Will Average but 19.7 Bushels Per Acre.

The November returns to the Department of Agriculture of the rate of yield per acre make the average of corn 19.7, which is about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  bushels above the yield indicated by the condition figured in October. This is the lowest rate yield that has occurred since 1881, when it stood at 18.6 bushels per acre. Last year the yield was 22.5 bushels upon a much larger harvested acreage. The rates for the years 1886, 1887 and 1890, which were years of comparatively low yield, were respectively 22, 20.1 and 20.7 bushels.

The yield for the present year, which must be regarded as a preliminary and not final estimate, is less than the average for the ten years, 1870 to 1879, by 7.4 bushels, less than the average for the succeeding decade, 1880 to 1889, by 4.4 bushels, and less than the average for the four years 1890 to 1893 by 3.7 bushels, quality 73.4. The result is in harmony with reported indications during the growing season. The rates of yield of the principal corn States are as follows: New York, 28.2; Pennsylvania, 32; Ohio, 26.3; Michigan, 23.2; Indiana, 28.9; Illinois, 28.8; Iowa, 15; Mississippi, 22; Kansas, 11.2; Nebraska, 6.

The average yield of buckwheat is 16.1 bushels per acre. The average yield in 1893 was 14.7 and in 1892 14.1 bushels. The average quality 90.3, 100 being the standard. The average yield per acre of potatoes is returned as 62. In 1892 the yield was 1.32 and 1892 1.17 tons. The quality is high, as shown by the percentage of 94.5. The crop of apples is reported at 41.7 per cent. of an average product. The returns relative to the feeding of wheat to stock are not sufficient to justify a report at that date. The department hopes to be able to make a special report on this subject in the near future.

### JAPAN STATES TERMS.

Cannot Accept the Offer of Mediation by the United States Government.

It is learned that the Japanese Government has sent its reply to the note of United States Minister Dunn asking whether a tender by the President of the United States of his good offices in the interest of restoring peace in the East would be agreeable to Japan. Before reaching a conclusion the ministry gave the matter consideration for several days and finally stated to Mr. Dunn that, although the friendly sentiments which prompted the Government and people of the United States were deeply appreciated, the success of the Japanese arms had been such that China should approach Japan directly on the subject. In view of the absence of Japanese and Chinese diplomatic representatives at Peking and Tokio respectively, this would imply that any communication between the two governments would be made through the American ministers to China and Japan, who, since the outbreak of the war, have had in charge the interests of the two countries.

### FIVE CRUSHED UNDER A TRAIN.

Miners Meet Death While Riding Home on Cars Loaded with Coal.

Pittsburg dispatch: Five men lie at the bottom of Brush Creek, Westmoreland County, with sixteen cars and their loads of coal piled on top of them. The killed are: Wilson Brown, 40 years old, married; Thomas Jenkins, 60 years old, married; William Jenkins, son of the above, 25 years old, single; Owen Owens, 35 years old, married; Martin Polaksky, 30 years old, single. A train of twenty-five cars of coal pulled out of the Westmoreland Coal Company's works, three miles from Larimer, Pa. Just before reaching the main line, the trucks of one car broke down. The impetus of the train carried it onto the bridge across Brush Creek, and broke down the structure. The disabled car went through and was followed by fifteen more cars, all loaded. A number of miners employed by the Westmoreland Coal Company were riding on the train to their homes at Larimer. The men on the other cars jumped and escaped with a few bruises.

Constable B. B. Williamson interfered in a drunken row at Sandborn, Ind., and was fatally shot. Ed Lankford has been arrested.

Thomas Samuel, aged 30, a switchman, was killed by a train at Terre Haute.

## Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### The Czar Played the Trombone.

Heroic impressions of the late Czar receive something of a shock when we read the story that a few nights before he died he got up about midnight, and, feeling better, began to play on the trombone. The autocrat of all the Russias, and a man sick unto death, arising in the still hours of the night to perform a tune on the trombone is a somewhat grotesque picture.

The account further relates that the Czar's doctor, Zacharin, was so put out by the noise that he sent a note to his Majesty asking that it be stopped, and that his Majesty was so incensed by this reflection on his musical accomplishments that he returned a message to the effect that if the doctor did not like the music he might leave the palace. Of the barbarian Peter the Great this anecdote might have been related and it would not have seemed out of character, but it is a strange one to tell of a Czar at the end of the nineteenth century.—Baltimore News.

### Designations of Groups of Animals.

The ingenuity of the sportsman is perhaps no better illustrated than by the use to which he puts the English language to designate particular groups of animals. The following is a list of the terms which have been applied to the various classes: A covey of partridges, a nide of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a flight of doves or swallows, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, a plump of wild fowl, a stand of plovers, a watch of nightingales, a clattering of doughs, a flock of geese, a herd or bunch of cattle, a bevy of quails, a cast of hawks, a trip of dotrel, a swarm of bees, a school of whales, a school of herrings, a herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen, a sounder of hogs, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, a sleuth of bears, a gang of elk.—Edison's Encyclopedia.

### The Place of Torment

Of bilious people is chiefly in the region of the liver, but with the extreme discomfort located there are associated sour stomach, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, morning nausea, an unpleasant breath, furred tongue, sick headache, and irregularity of the bowels. For each and all of these unpleasantnesses, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a swift and agreeable remedy. It is greatly preferable to any vegetable purgative or drastic mineral cathartic. Such pseudo-specifics usually do more harm than good. In malarial complaints the liver is always involved. For such disorder, as well as for rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a benign remedy. Physicians strongly commend it for its promptness and thoroughness, and professional approval is fully justified by public experience during more than a third of a century.

### To Improve Kentucky Stock.

President Scott, when he first took upon of the Cincinnati Southern, was greatly annoyed by the claims for horses and cattle killed by trains of the road on their way through Kentucky. It seemed as though it were not possible for a train to run north or south through Kentucky without killing either a horse or a cow. And every animal killed, however unwelcome, scowly, or miserable it may have been before the accident, always figured in the claims subsequently presented as of the best blood in Kentucky. "Well," said Scott, finally, one day, "I don't know anything that improves stock in Kentucky like crossing it with a locomotive."

### Excursion to Northumberland, Pa.

The Nickel Plate road will run its Annual Excursion to Northumberland, Pa., on Dec. 17, at one fare for the round trip, from all stations, Leipsic to Bellevue, inclusive. For further particulars call on or address Nickel Plate Agents.

A NEW material called rubber velvet is said to be made by sprinkling powder of any color over rubber cloth, while the latter is soft and hot. The result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, water proof, and exceedingly light.

Through sleepers for Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, and Boston, via the Nickel Plate road.

THERE probably never was a love affair that was broken off without discredit to one of the parties concerned.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an especially good medicine for Cough.—Mrs. M. R. Arent, Jonesboro, Texas, May 9th, 1891.

A POLITICIAN is a man who pretends to be doing one thing, and really does another.

## Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

## Weak Mothers

and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inestimable benefits from the nourishing properties of

## Scott's Emulsion

This is the most nourishing food known to science. It enriches the mother's milk and gives her strength. It also makes babies fat and gives more nourishment to growing children than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians for twenty years for Rickets, Marasmus, Wasting Diseases of Children, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Emaciation and Consumption.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.



Boston. New York. Chicago. Kansas City.

## Mason & Hamlin PIANOS.

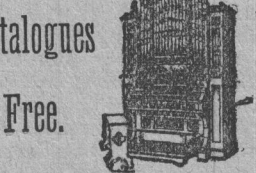
Unsurpassed in material and workmanship, and with their Improved Method of Stringing stand in tune longer than any other.

### ORGANS.

The Celebrated Tlist Organ, for Parlors, Churches and Music Halls, are unquestionably superior to any small Pipe Organ.

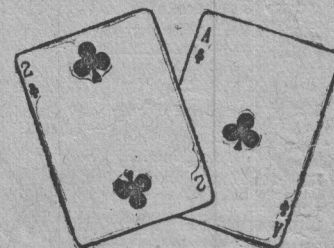
## Mason & Hamlin

Catalogues



Free.

185 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.



The comparative value of these two cards is known to most persons. They illustrate that greater quantity is not always most to be desired.

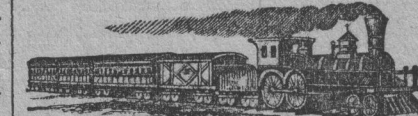
These cards express the beneficial quality of

### Ripans • Tabules

As compared with any previously known DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Ripans Tabules: Price, 50 cents a box, Of druggists, or by mail.

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.



## TEXAS, MEXICO and CALIFORNIA.

— VIA —



In connection with the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, Texas & Pacific Railway, International & Great Northern Railroad, and Southern Pacific Railway, known as the ONLY TRUESOUTHERN ROUTE, has placed in service a Through First-Class Sleeping Car and Tourist Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 A. M., via St. Louis to Little Rock, Malvern (Hot Springs), Austin, San Antonio, Laredo where a direct connection is made with through sleeping car for the City of Mexico, El Paso, Los Angeles and San Francisco. This is the only line from Chicago which can offer this excellent service. Call or write to any ticket agent of the Wabash or connecting line for printed matter showing time, route, rates, description of cars, etc., or

R. G. BUTLER, D. P. A., Detroit, Mich.  
F. H. TRISTRAM, C. P. A., Pittsburg, Pa.  
P. E. MAXBAUM, P. & T. A., Toledo, Ohio.  
G. D. THOMPSON, P. & T. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.  
J. HALDERMAN, M. P. A.,  
J. M. MCCONNELL, P. & T. A., Lafayette, Ind.  
G. D. MAXFIELD, D. P. A., Indianapolis, Ind.  
C. S. CRANE, G. F. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50-2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 BOYSSCHOOL SHOES. -LADIES- \$3.25-2.12. BEST ANGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50-2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 BOYSSCHOOL SHOES. -LADIES- \$3.25-2.12. BEST ANGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes are equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than at any other make. No substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

## LINEE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINEE REVERSIBLE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn. They are made of fine cloth, both sides finished, and guaranteed reversible. One collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-five Cents. A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK. 27 KILBY ST., BOSTON.

DURABLE—EASILY APPLIED.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50-2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 BOYSSCHOOL SHOES. -LADIES- \$3.25-2.12. BEST ANGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

## PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Successfully Prosecutes Claims Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 40 yrs in.

\$6 TO \$18 Per day earned selling the best Washing Machine made. Write for circular and many testimonials. LOCKER WARRER CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.

F. W. N. U. No. 48-94

When Writing to Advertisers, say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. No. 48-94



LABOR IN MICHIGAN.

Forecast of the Bureau's Forthcoming Report.

LANSING, Nov. 26.—The Michigan labor bureau is this year making a specialty in gathering statistics of farms and farm labor. To this end its canvassers have obtained nearly \$10,000 personal schedules from farm employees, both male and female. The questions are relative to residence, nativity, social condition, work, wages, cost of living, homes, immigration, and insurance. These schedules are being tabulated and will form an interesting part of the forthcoming annual report from this bureau. In addition to this over 1,000 representative farmers have been interviewed, and schedules relative to their diverse industries have been filled. The bureau will also publish complete statistics on the dairy industry, the fruit interests and other important matters connected with the farm and farm labor. Labor Commissioner Morse has decided to add a new feature to the report this year which will give it additional interest, especially to the farmer. Under the law 4,000 copies of the report will be distributed, and two-thirds of this number will this year go to the farmers. It will be ready for distribution about February 1.

ARE WILLING TO RUN.

Many Candidates for Supreme Court Justice.

DETROIT, Nov. 26.—In view of the majorities which the republicans rolled up in this state seekers after the nomination for justice of the state supreme court, who is to be elected at the spring election, are numerous. Among the candidates are the following: Judge Joseph B. Moore, of Lapeer; ex-Judge Edward Cahill, of Lansing; ex-Congressman H. H. Hatch, of Bay City; T. F. Shepherd, of West Bay City; Philip T. Van Zile, of Detroit; Victor E. D. Kinne, of Ann Arbor; Judge Victor H. Lane, of Adrian; Judge Aaron V. McAlvay, of Manistee; Judge George M. Buck, of Kalamazoo; D. H. Ball, of Marquette, and ex-Judge Byron Judkins, of Reed City. The regents of the state university are to be elected in April, but no mention has been made of any names for the republican nomination.

SOLD FOR JUNK.

Documents That Belonged to Michigan's First Senator Come to Light.

GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 25.—A collection of valuable old papers, documents and pamphlets, which belonged to Lucius Lyon, the first senator from Michigan, has just come to light. Lyons' sister died a few weeks ago and the executor of her estate sold 800 pounds of old paper for junk. The transaction was heard about and before the old paper was shipped to the paper mill it was found and carefully examined. Many rare documents relating to the early history of Michigan, and especially regarding the admission of the state to the union and the boundary line dispute between Michigan and Ohio, were rescued. A map of Detroit of 1836, one of Milwaukee of 1835, and Philadelphia in 1812 were also found.

FOR THE SHORT TERM.

Four Candidates in the Field for Senator Stockbridge's Seat.

LANSING, Nov. 26.—Francis B. Stockbridge, elected to the United States senate from Michigan two years ago, died last spring in Chicago, and his seat in the United States senate bids fair to be vigorously fought for. Four candidates are now in the field. They are Schuyler S. Olds, John J. Patton, Jr., who now fills the place by appointment by Gov. Rich until the legislature should convene; Congressman Julius C. Burrows and Congressman Samuel Stephenson. Senator McMillan's term has also expired and the legislature will be called upon to select his successor. It is considered by many that Senator McMillan will be again chosen.

Wants a \$10,000 Building.

LANSING, Nov. 26.—One of the innovations introduced at the agricultural college by Prof. C. D. Smith is a dairy school. Twenty-five students received instruction last winter and now there are fifty applications for next term. The demand for scientific butter and cheese makers has been increasing and this school seems to have supplied a distinct want. The state board of agriculture has decided to ask the next legislature for an appropriation of \$10,000 for a dairy building.

Republicans to Meet.

DETROIT, Nov. 24.—A meeting of the republican state central committee was held Friday afternoon, Chairman McMillan presiding. The purpose of the meeting was to determine the time and place for the republican convention to nominate a candidate for justice of the supreme court and two regents of the university, and it was decided to hold it here February 21, the day before the Michigan club's annual banquet.

Ill-Gotten Gains Recovered.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 24.—About \$11,000 of the hundreds of thousands that Charles Delaney and Mrs. Harris, of the Pennsylvania Land & Lumber company, are alleged to have swindled out of Bay City and Saginaw (Mich.) lumbermen, has been recovered in this city.

Witnesses Refuse to Testify.

BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 23.—In the trial of the train wreckers, Boldwig and Knowles, two of the men implicated, refused to testify. It is understood that the other three will do the same when they are given a chance. This leaves the prosecution without any witness.

Death of C. B. Hutchins.

DETROIT, Nov. 24.—Carleton B. Hutchins, president of the Hutchins Refrigerator Car company, Chicago, died of heart failure at his home in this city, aged 81 years.

STATE NEWS.

Interesting Bits of News from Localities in Michigan.

The masons of Pontiac contemplate the erection of a temple to cost \$25,000. The tower of the new city hall at Bay City will become the resting place of a 6,000-pound bell now en route.

S. S. Hastings, one of the founders of the town of St. Louis, died recently. Saginaw river was completely frozen over Tuesday morning, the earliest in ten years.

Owing to low prices the output of hardwood in the Saginaw district this winter will be very small.

Dr. John Buell White, one of the oldest practitioners of Michigan, died of blood poisoning at Saginaw Wednesday.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Christian Missionary association, district No. 2, will be held at Bangor, December 6 to 10.

The supervisors of Eaton county will be convened to call a special election to vote on a proposition to repeal the local option law.

The furnaces of the Spring Lake Iron company will be started next week and will employ directly and indirectly about 400 men.

Hundreds of acres of potatoes on the low lands around McDonald, Van Buren county, which had not been dug have been ruined by the recent freezing weather.

In the federal court at Grand Rapids, Teft, Weller & Co., of New York, were given a verdict of \$2,871 against Livingston & Block, of Kalamazoo, a fraudulent failure being alleged.

Rev. Conrad Volz, of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church at Saginaw, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate Monday. His record shows 5,220 baptisms, 1,370 confirmations, 1,494 marriages, 1,994 burials.

C. G. Rumsey, living near Hillsdale, shot and killed himself.

Dr. H. L. Obetz, dean of the Homeopathic college at Ann Arbor, has resigned.

It has been discovered that the infant son of Joseph Guerin, of Bay City, died of opium unwittingly administered in peccate.

The lawyers of western Michigan gave Judge Taft of the United States circuit court a reception at the Peninsular club in Grand Rapids.

Arthur Musselman, of Mendon, is suing Mrs. Solomon Dill for breach of promise. He alleges that she proposed to him and now repudiates the engagement.

Bert Samson, a colored inmate at the state house of correction at Ionia, attacked Foreman Fred Menhenick, of the cabinet room, knocking him down with his fist against a lumber pile and cutting his head.

Decatur voted adversely on a proposition to bond itself for \$10,000 for a waterworks plant.

In a quarrel over a goose won at a raffle Louis Elsey fatally cut the throat of his brother Charles at Detroit early Sunday morning.

Buchanan voted down a proposition to issue bonds for \$10,000 for power for waterworks.

The case of the city of Menominee against John C. Larson and others for \$35,000 damages on a broken sewer contract was decided for the defendants.

Thomas Black, of Coldwater, drove under a wire clothes line in the dark and it caught him in the mouth, breaking the upper jaw on both sides, cutting off the soft palate and causing other injuries.

Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, issued a requisition on the governor of Michigan for William Gill, wanted at Chicago for grand larceny and under arrest at Albion.

DEATH OF WILLARD PARKER.

A Prominent Detroit Business Man Expires at Richmond.

DETROIT, Nov. 26.—Willard Parker, of the firm of Parker, Webb & Co., of this city, died at Richmond Sunday evening. Mr. Parker was 76 years of age. He left his place of business on Friday evening at 5 o'clock, but did not go to his home as was his custom. Search was made for him and he was located at Richmond, where he was taken ill while on the way to his old home. Mr. Parker was a prominent citizen and a pioneer in the packing-house business in Detroit, having organized the Willard Parker Packing company forty years ago. This company was merged into the present one some years ago.

Woman Sued for Breach of Promise.

CENTREVILLE, Mich., Nov. 24.—The unique spectacle of a man suing a woman for breach of promise of marriage has created a sensation here. Arthur Musselman, of Mendon, claims that Mrs. Solomon Dill encouraged his attentions and finally proposed marriage to him, but now declares there was no engagement between them. Musselman sued for damages.

Said to Have Used Canceled Stamps.

FLINT, Nov. 27.—On complaint of Postoffice Inspector Eugene Parsell, Louisa Hohn, of this city, was arrested Monday by United States Marshal William A. Miller for using canceled postage stamps. She waived examination and will be tried at the December term of the United States court.

Entire Fire Force Quits.

SPRING LAKE, Mich., Nov. 24.—The entire fire department resigned because President Blitz, of the village council, would not reinstate Foreman Nichols and Mason who were discharged for profanity at a fire.

Found Dead in Bed.

BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 27.—Joshua Wade, a farmer living 2 miles north of here, was found dead in his bed Monday morning under suspicious circumstances.

Quash Nine of the Counts.

DETROIT, Nov. 27.—United States Judge Swan decided to quash nine of the thirty-three counts in the indictment against ex-Bank Cashier Marvin.

FOUR BIG SUCCESSSES.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, Buckle's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at C. A. Wilson's Drug Store.

Dr. Wm. Williams, Vicksburg, Mich., says: "I verily believe 'Adirondack, Wheeler's Heart and Nerve Cure' to be the most reliable remedy for heart irregularities that has ever been given to the public." Sold by C. A. Wilson.

Mr. G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes, August 10th, 1891: "Clinic Kidney Cure is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I, myself, am able to testify to its merits. My face to day is a living picture of health, and Clinic Kidney Cure has made it such. I had suffered twenty-seven years with the disease, and to-day I feel ten years younger than I did one year ago. I can obtain some wonderful certificates of its medical qualities."

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

Don't tobacco spit or smoke your life away. Is he truthful starting title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful harmless GUARANTEED tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists. Book at drug-stores or by mail free. The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

HOW TO PREVENT A COLD.

After an exposure, or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails. 50c at C. A. Wilson's.

Foley's Honey and Tar does not claim to perform miracles. It does not claim to cure all cases of consumption or asthma. But it does claim to give comfort and relief in advanced stages of these diseases and to usually cure early stages. It is certainly worth trying by those afflicted or threatened with these dread diseases. 50c at C. A. Wilson's.

BUCKLE'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. A. Wilson.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at C. A. Wilson's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT NOV. 18, 1894.

Trains leave Holly as follows: (Standard)

GOING EAST

Train No. 1 9 02 am

Train No. 2 1 16 pm

Train No. 3 7 40 pm

Train No. 4 5 30 am

GOING WEST

Train No. 1 4 52 am

Train No. 2 10 20 am

Train No. 3 3 05 pm

Train No. 4 8 03 pm

Train No. 5 connects at Indonington with Steamers for Milwaukee, during season of navigation, making connections for all points West and Northwest.

Sleeper and Parlor Cars between Bay City Saginaw and Detroit.

Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit in Union Depot for all points South, Canada and the East.

W. H. SMITH, AGENT, Holly, Mich.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertise ment which will appear in this paper.

Take no Substitute, but insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan, County of Oakland, ss.: Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, made on the 17th day of October, A. D., 1894, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of George Pierson, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Pontiac, for examination and allowance, on or before the 17th day of April next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Wednesday, the 17th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Dated, Oct. 17th, A. D., 1894.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan, County of Oakland, ss.: At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate office in the City of Pontiac on the 27th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin F. Herrington, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Channey Stuart, the administrator of said estate in Michigan, praying for license to sell the real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying debts and expenses and for distribution.

It is ordered that Thursday the 27th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, said probate office be appointed for hearing said petition; and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Oakland County Advertiser a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

SHOT BY A MASKED MAN.

Farmer Wickwire and His Sister Victims of an Assault.

BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 25.—An unknown masked man early Wednesday evening shot and fatally wounded William Wickwire, a farmer living near Climax, and also shot and slightly wounded Miss Wickwire, a sister of the farmer. At 7 o'clock a man knocked at the door of Wickwire's farmhouse, 3 miles south of Climax. An adopted son answered the knock, and a man whose clothes were concealed by a long rubber coat and his features by a pillowcase, entered and asked for the man of the house. He passed by the lad into the sitting-room, where Wickwire's sister was sitting. She noticed that he was masked and carried a revolver, and she jumped up and grabbed for the trigger, the ball striking her in the side of the neck, making a slight flesh wound. He fired again, but this time the shot missed its mark. Wickwire, who was in the parlor adjoining, rushed out and grabbed the man. The murderer turned on him and fired one shot, the ball striking him in the mouth and passing directly through his head. The second ball glanced around his eye; a third struck him in the stomach, and a fourth missed him. Mrs. Wickwire ran out of the parlor and endeavored to tear the mask off the murderer's face. He fought her desperately, however, and tried to back out of the room. Just as he was leaving Wickwire, who had partly recovered consciousness, raised a chair and struck him over the head. The blow stunned him and he half dropped to the floor, but rallied and ran from the place. Wickwire is fatally injured. His sister's wound is not fatal. It is alleged that a relative and neighbor is suspected of the crime, and that it was committed for revenge.

ASPIRE TO THE BENCH.

Many Want to Succeed Judge McGrath in the Supreme Court.

LANSING, Nov. 24.—It will be remembered that the last legislature passed a law increasing the salaries of members of the supreme court to \$7,000 a year. This makes a position on the bench much more desirable than ever before and candidates are springing up all over the state. Judge McGrath's term expires next year, and the voters next spring will be called upon to select his successor. Judge Morse, of Lapeer, is already in the field with Judge Cahill, of Lansing, a close second. Hon. H. H. Hatch and ex-District Attorney T. F. Shepherd, of Bay City, have yearnings for this honor, while Philip T. Van Zile, of Detroit; Judge Victor H. Lane, of Adrian; Judge E. D. Kinne, of Ann Arbor; Judge Aaron V. McElvay, of Manistee, and Judge Buck, of Kalamazoo, are favorably mentioned.

HIS SKULL CRUSHED.

A Manistee Millman Meets a Terrible Death.

MANISTEE, Nov. 21.—Lawrence Hill, the night foreman at the Buckley & Douglas mill, was the victim of a terrible accident Wednesday which resulted in his death. Hill had climbed a ladder and with a stick was attempting to throw off the belt from a pulley. In some manner the stick caught, and, being whirled around, struck the unfortunate man on the forehead, causing a fracture of the skull. The force of the blow hurled him to the floor below and a second fracture was made at the base of the brain. Mr. Hill left a wife and two children.

CONVENT ABANDONED.

Its Occupants Sent to Joliet, Ill., the Home of the Order.

HARBOR SPRINGS, Nov. 25.—The famous Cross Village convent, after an existence of fifty years, has passed out of existence, the eleven nuns, with Father Bernardino Abbink, having just left the place for Joliet, Ill., the home of the order. The nuns are all old women and but one or two of them have been outside the convent grounds for thirty-five years. Some of them had never traveled on or seen a railroad car until their departure from here and had to be almost forced to board the cars.

Will of Thomas D. Gilbert.

GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 24.—The will of Thomas D. Gilbert was filed for probate Friday. The real estate is valued at \$100,000 and upward and the personal property at \$200,000 and upward, but a conservative estimate of the estate places it at over \$500,000. The only public bequest is \$5,000 to the Union Benevolent association. He provides for his wife and remembers his two sisters and about thirty nephews and nieces. While living he gave freely to charity and the church.

Leading Democrats Confer.

DETROIT, Nov. 24.—On Friday a number of prominent democrats of this state held an informal conference at the Hotel Cadillac. Measures for promoting the cause of free silver and considering the future of democracy in Michigan were discussed. It was decided to conduct a vigorous correspondence with all the leading democrats in the state and hold a formal conference later on.

Judgment for Michigan Carriers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27.—The court of claims has rendered judgment in the cases of seventy-seven letter carriers, arising under the eight-hour law. Of these sixteen are from Lansing, forty-two from Detroit, fourteen from Bay City, one from Flint, Mich., and one from New York.

Down on Tobacco Users.

LANSING, Nov. 26.—The legislative committee of the Michigan Teachers' association will ask the legislature to prohibit the issuance of teachers' certificates to any person who uses tobacco in any form.

Fell in a Vat of Boiling Soap.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Nov. 26.—John McDonald, an employe of the Botsford paper mill in Otsego, fell into a vat of boiling pulp and died in a short time.

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day.

One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write W. F. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.

BABYLAND THE BABIES' OWN MAGAZINE.

50c. A YEAR. ENLARGED.

The New Volume, beginning November '94 will contain the best things in reading and pictures for children from one to six years old. Among them will be

THE HOUSE OF THE GRANDMOTHERS.

By Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt. A humorous story of baby life.

MARCHING PLAYS.

By Erey Burleson. For nursery entertainment, kindergartens and primary schools; to develop the natural friendliness of little children toward animals. Elaborately illustrated.

SEQUELS TO MOTHER GOOSE.

By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. New adventures of old friends, told in verse.

THE NIMBLE PENNIES.

By "Boz." A series of curious drawing lessons, using a large and small copper cent.

'CHILDREN'S MENAGERIE' PRIZE COMPETITION.

A menagerie of cardboard, with full directions for making and coloring, and prizes.

Specimen free.

Alpha Publishing Co., Boston.

VICTORS are Standard Value.

The standard price of your bicycle is \$10.00. No deviation, and Victor riders are guaranteed against cuts and scratches during the season.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO.

Which is the Sweeter?

We have arranged with the publishers to send free to every reader of this paper a copy of that charming, prize water-color picture, "Which is the Sweeter?" The pictures are each 12 1/4 x 17 1/2 inches in size.

To obtain this valuable present you have only to cut the appended coupon and fill it up, enclosing four cents in stamps or pennies, mailing, etc., to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York, who will send the picture direct to you.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

Please send me by return mail the water-color picture "Which is the Sweeter?" which I am entitled to by being a reader of The CLARKSTON ADVERTISER. Inclosed find four cents for postage, packing, etc.

Name.....

Post-office.....

County.....

State.....

WONDERS. THEY NEVER CEASE. A GREAT OFFER.

We have made arrangements with the Detroit Semi-Weekly Journal whereby we are prepared to offer our readers the greatest bargain ever before heard of. We will send The Detroit Semi-Weekly Journal from now until January 1st, 1896, Thirteen and One-Half Months, or 112 papers and the Advertiser one year, 52 weeks, or a total of 165 papers for only \$1.60. Who ever heard of such an offer? Why it is less than one cent per copy for each paper. It is needless for us to say anything in favor of The Advertiser. Everybody knows that in Oakland County Journalism it is among the Leaders.

The Semi-Weekly Journal is published Tuesday and Friday and contains the latest possible news up to the hour of going to press. Send in your subscription at once as the longer you wait the less papers you receive. If your subscription has not expired leave your subscription with us just the same and you will be credited ahead from the time paid. This offer is good outside the county and state. Tell your friends who are borrowing your paper of this great offer and ask them not to annoy you the coming year. You have been kind to them in the past but they should not ride a free horse to death. Send in that Subscription NOW.







# The Clarkston Advertiser.

CLARKSTON, MICH.

JAMES SLOCUM, - - Proprietor.

THE death of the Czar will not drape Siberia in black.

VICE PRESIDENT WICKES is having trouble with another union.

A CORNCOB pipe is not aristocratic, but it smokes a heap sweeter than one that ain't paid for.

WOULD Mr. Wickes agree to submit his divorce suit to the National Arbitration Commission?

YALE made \$20,000 at football last year. This brings her net hospital expenses down to about \$30,000.

WE have sweatshops right in our midst.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Great Scott! Try Jamaica ginger.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is at work upon a poem on Tammany. This is the most unkindest cut of all.

NEW YORK coryphees protest against Lillian Russell's imported chorus girls. They have a right to kick.

THE Ministerial crisis in Germany is not without its benefits. It keeps Emperor William from writing more poetry.

The carelessness of the user is the salvation of the manufacturer of most of the machinery used on the farm. Yet a man careful of his machinery is a joy to the manufacturer thereof, as his products in the hands of a man who takes good care of it is his best advertisement.

Mecca was visited last year by between two hundred and fifty thousand and three hundred thousand pilgrims, a much larger number than usual, as the principal day of the pilgrimage happened to fall on a Friday; ninety thousand came by sea, of whom nearly ten thousand died of cholera, while of those who went by land, most of them from British India, fifteen thousand perished. The mortality was ten per cent. of all the pilgrims.

The traveling public owes a debt of gratitude to the Master Car Builders' Association for the work it is doing to secure fairly decent ventilation in cars. The season is now approaching when more or less of us will have to suffer with colds and pneumonia to satisfy the hog in the seat ahead who persists in keeping his or her window open. It is possible to sympathize with anyone who is forced to stay many hours during the winter in a modern vestibule train, with its glaring decorations and its bad atmosphere, but it is mighty hard to sit in a freezing draught from an open window. Cars ought not to be ventilated through the windows at all, except in summer.

Few people have any conception of the enormous extent to which newspaper advertising has grown in these days. Millions of dollars are invested every year in sounding the praises of various enterprises, and fortunes are made and lost in the columns of newspapers. But notwithstanding the latter statement, as the wisest men continue to advertise it is safe to say that advertising pays. Indeed, it has come to pass that business men must advertise in some way or they maintain their supremacy with difficulty. Not only is the volume of business exceedingly large, but the amount expended by individual advertisers is almost beyond belief. One patent medicine man in Boston pays the newspapers every year over \$300,000. A single firm paid \$15,000 last year for one page in one issue of a certain family paper. The largest advertising contract ever closed is believed to be one recently made by a New York daily with a large dry goods firm. The advertiser agrees to take \$70,000 worth of space in this newspaper during the year.

HERE is a new use for hypnotism that promises great things for the future: "Rockford, Ill.—In a justice court Thos. Ryan sued Edward Collins and wife, of Durand, for \$68 for clothing purchased of him last spring. The clothing was never removed from the package and the defense set up that Ryan's agent used hypnotic influence to induce Mrs. Collins to purchase. The defense won the case." This may make a complete change in all systems of doing business. Salesmen will be valued according to their hypnotic influence, and the man who cannot hypnotize any one who comes into the store will be of little value. A first-class traveling salesman will be able to stop off at an interior town and sell goods to every man, woman and child in it. Indeed, it will be a mighty poor business-man who can't sell a negligee gown to a bachelor or a plug hat to a spinster once he gets either under the spell of his eye. It will only require a few passes for an expert to convince a girl of 17 that she wants a complete smoker's outfit and a wax doll. Great are the possibilities of hypnotism in the business world.

If Emperor William proposes to continue in the poetry business we advise him to sign his name to all manuscripts he submits.

A law has just gone into force in Washington prohibiting any building over 110 feet high on business streets, or over ninety feet high on other streets. This action was taken when it was found that the upper stories of a new flat building 160 feet high could not be reached by any engine or series of ladders in the city.

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a circular asking for information in regard to "nut grass" or "coco," a weed that is very prevalent in some parts of the South, and has extended northward. It is of subterranean origin, and is said to have reached the United States first at New Orleans among garden plants brought from Cuba. It resembles small forms of theseed commonly known as chufa, which often is cultivated as food for swine, for which reason it is important that the distinction between the two plants should be clearly understood. The striking point of difference is that in the chufa all the tubers are clustered about the base of the parent plant, and except in very loose porous soils they usually are close to the surface, where hogs would quickly root them out, while the tubers of the nut grass are scattered along the root stock, often several inches below the surface of the ground and sometimes two to four feet or more away from the parent plant. The plan of campaign is to prevent the nut grass from maturing seed above ground. The plant reproduces a thousand times more from the seed than from the nut. The secret of success is frequent stirring of ground during growing time of summer, so as to stimulate each tuber and seed to sprout, and then between midsummer and frost time to cut down every tall stem while in the flowering state at the latest, and the sooner the better.

The news from China, if unexpected, is not surprising. From the first the superior discipline and intelligence of the Japanese have given them advantage over their adversaries. Nor should the power of sympathy be overlooked. The sentiment of civilization has been favorable to the Japanese. The report of a request for the European powers to intervene for re-establishment of peace, on the basis of Korean independence, does not sound strange when made by China. But the result of the action of the great powers may lead to serious complications. There are not many who believe that Korea can maintain a state of independence. It is a very weak and remarkably unprogressive nation; it occupies a country whose seaboard is coveted by powerful nations. Russia and Britain certainly, and Germany and Italy probably, are among European powers that desire possessions on the Korean coast, and it is absurd to suppose that Japan has entered upon a spirited and costly war without hope of territorial aggrandizement. It will be strange if the European powers consent to act as mediators between China and Japan without demanding pay for their services, and the pay is likely to be in the form of Korean harbors. Japan, also, as the now dominant Oriental nation, is likely to get a slice of the Hermit Nation's territory. Something like to that which has happened in Samoa may be about to happen in Korea, with, of course, the addition of Russia to the number of powers giving a guaranty of "protection and independence" to a plundered nation.

## Red Tape.

It is well to be cautious, but there are times when even caution may be carried to excess. The widow of a German officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing the pension due her.

She presented the usual certificate of the mayor of the village in which she lived, to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not right," said the official in charge, severely.

"What is the matter with it?" inquired the poor widow.

"It bears the date of Dec. 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on Dec. 15."

"What kind of a certificate do you wish?" inquired the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on the 15th of December," said the official, with great firmness. "Of what possible use is this one that says you were alive on the 21st of December—six days later?"

## To Protect the Frogs.

Is a frog a fish? This is the problem which the officials of the Canadian fishery department have recently had to consider. Petitions were forwarded to the department from the inhabitants of Northumberland, Ont., praying for a close season for frogs. A lucrative trade in the shipment of frogs' legs had been done in that county, but it was discovered that the very time that the frogs were spawning is one when the greatest havoc is wrought among them. Possibly a change will be made in the fishery laws so as to embrace frogs. The officers say that in their embryonic stage frogs are certainly fishes, but later on they take an amphibious character.

## A "Compliment."

Two old school fellows met, fifteen years after their graduation, and fell figuratively, upon each other's necks.

"Well, well, dear old Smith!" said Green. "How glad I am to see you! What days those were! Ha! ha! Smith, you were the stupidest fellow in the class."

"Yes, I suppose I was."

"And here you are now! Why," (looking him over) "you haven't changed a particle!"

## EASTERN.

A trust in plate glass industries is being formed in Pittsburgh.

The forthcoming bond issue of \$50,000,000 has all been subscribed for by New York bankers.

Andrew Carnegie has promised to give Homestead a clubhouse and library to cost \$75,000.

A general lockout of shirtmakers is imminent at New York owing to a contemplated reduction of 10 per cent. in wages.

Mrs. Jeannette McWilliams, an aged lady living at Brinton, Pa., was so frightened by a train whistle blowing a fire alarm that she died.

Mrs. W. R. Graham, wife of an Allegheny, Pa., light inspector, took a dose of rough on rats and died. She is thought to have been demoted.

Proceedings have been begun to impeach Tammany Justice Divver at New York. He is charged with malfeasance, bribery and general incompetency.

Frank Godfrey, assistant instructor in the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium, while attempting a double somersault in Boston, fell and broke his neck.

Fire broke out in the barns of the Allegheny, Pa., Traction Company. Forty-nine horses, seven horse cars and seven electric cars were burned. Three dwellings adjoining were also destroyed. The entire loss is about \$75,000.

George D. Teller, the oldest traveling passenger agent in the United States, died at Buffalo. He had been with the Northern Pacific since its organization, and was pensioned two years ago on account of old age.

New York bankers have subscribed for all of the latest bond issue, and have dropped their scheming to raid the gold already in the treasury in order to pay for the bonds. The threat to reject all their bids accomplished this.

Lemons in the New York market are higher than at any time for ten years, partly owing to earthquakes in the Messina District, which have closed the packing houses and brought about a stampede from the country.

George M. Irwin of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been wanted by Pittsburgh investors for ten days or more for alleged swindles in the conducting of his grain speculating business and left investors whistle for the \$1,500,000 they had left in his hands, was arrested in New York.

Father Ducey, in a reply to Archbishop Corrigan's letter admonishing him for taking such a prominent part in the Lexow committee investigations at New York, says: "I shall be greatly pleased if your excellency will inform me under what canonical rules you forbid my presence at any further sessions of the Lexow committee."

The body of General John C. Fremont, the "pathfinder," the first candidate for President on the Republican ticket, which has lain in a receiving vault in Rockland Cemetery on the Hudson for many years, is to be buried at that place Thursday, under the direction of the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California.

While laboring under a fit of hysteria a servant in the family of Edward Pearson, of Philadelphia, tried to burn alive a 2-year-old child. She picked up the child and held it over the fire, which was a furious one. The mother heard the youngster scream and rushed to save it. The girl beat her off and dashed herself to roast the child. A strong man finally beat the girl into submission.

The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is up in arms against President Cleveland. J. G. Haynes, President of the society, says: "A President of the United States who finds great pleasure in the shooting of squirrels is quite capable of the inhumanity of having his horses' tails docked. But if he has done so I shall make it my business to see that justice is meted out to him." But investigation proves the falsity of the story.

## WESTERN.

A case of leprosy has been discovered in Grand Forks County, North Dakota.

The Illinois Supreme Court has been petitioned to annul its decision declaring railroad ticket scalping "illegal."

At Sacred Heart, O. T., a wild hog killed a 14-month-old babe and seriously injured its mother in her fight to save it.

Prevalence of smallpox in Milwaukee has caused the closing of another school. Thousands of persons have been exposed.

Owing to an epidemic of diphtheria in Detroit two of the large public schools and a couple of smaller parochial schools have been closed.

William Wickwier and sister, who lived five miles south of Galesburg, Mich., were attacked by tramps. He was fatally injured, but she will recover.

Heirs of the late Nehemiah Hulett, of Duluth, have settled with Mrs. Lucy A. Pomeroy, who claimed a third interest in the estate as Hulett's common-law wife.

Four members of the local board of mediation of the American Railway Union at Los Angeles, Cal., were convicted of conspiracy to obstruct the mails.

General John A. McClernand is seriously ill at Springfield with a malignant carbuncle on his neck, and owing to his advanced age it is feared he may not recover.

Four thousand people, many of them prominent in Chicago's social world, welcomed General William Booth, of the Salvation Army, at the Auditorium Thursday evening.

Engineer Jim Root, who ran a train through the Hinckley forest fires, has outlived his usefulness as an "actor," and has gone back to his engine on the St. Paul and Duluth line.

Mrs. W. P. Evans, of Petaluma, Cal., saturated her clothing with coal oil and then set her garments on fire. She was burned to death. She had been previously insane, but had been released from the asylum.

At Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Phalinda Loving, an aged colored woman, lay down on her bed and went to sleep with her lighted pipe in her mouth. The pipe set the clothes afire and the old lady was burned to death.

Seven firemen were injured, three of them seriously, while working at a fire Friday night in the Chicago lumber district. The men were in an alley surrounded by blazing piles when one of the piles toppled over on them.

At Shelbyville, Ind., the low-pressure natural gas mains, which furnish the domestic supply, were charged from the high-pressure reservoir, and about midnight many stores melted. Prompt

alarm saved the town. Three houses were burned.

The Woman's Christian Temperance League of Keokuk adopted resolutions condemning Mrs. Cleveland for using wine at the recent christening of the St. Louis at Philadelphia, declaring such action "an insult to the revered memory of Mrs. Lucy B. Hayes."

The Illinois Rebekah degree convention at Springfield elected these officers: President, Mrs. Kate A. Troxell, Canton; vice-president, Mrs. Nellie L. Harris, Chicago; secretary, Mrs. Lola L. Rickard, Olney; treasurer, Mrs. Katharina Hoefer, Chicago; director of orphans' home, Mrs. Esther Woods, Springfield, five years.

Col. Hunter of the Texas Pacific at Fort Worth sent a telegram to the Adjutant General's Department, saying they were anticipating a hold-up at Straun, Tex., of a train carrying money to their coal mines to pay off hands. Alexander, one of the outlaws with the Cook gang in the Corretta train robbery, was captured near Tulsa.

Four students and the dean of the medical faculty of Cotner University at Lincoln, Neb., are under arrest, charged with grave-robbing. Wednesday, Otto Albers, aged about 45 years, died. On Thursday the body was buried in Wyuka Cemetery. Friday Supt. Byer discovered that the grave of Albers had been rifled and the body carried away. Detective Malone was placed on the case, and he rounded up a party of medical students at the lecture-room at Cotner University. Dean Alexander was about to illustrate his lecture by a practical exhibition of dissection, and had applied the knife to the cadaver of Albers when Malone placed the men named under arrest. The prisoners were released on bonds of \$500 each to appear for trial.

The English capitalists who have been dealing in South Dakota paper during the past few years have been investigating the validity of their holdings and find in nearly every instance they have been swindled through J. L. M. Pierce, an Englishman, who has been living during the past three years in London. Fresh evidence is daily accumulating, but enough has been gathered to indicate that Pierce has realized fully \$1,000,000 in five years through fraudulent and forged papers, school bonds, tax deeds, certificates, mythical township bonds, etc. The firm of Pierce, Wright & Co. has offices in Yankton, in London, in Holyoke, Colo., and in Spokane, Wash. Discovery of the frauds was delayed thus long by the prompt payment of the interest coupons at the New York office.

## SOUTHERN.

A dynamite explosion at Charleston, W. Va., killed Joe Harkins and badly hurt three others.

Gen. John G. Morgan has been re-nominated for the Senate by a joint caucus of Alabama Democratic legislators.

Miss Mary Stevenson, daughter of the Vice-President, is growing steadily worse at Asheville, N. C., and is not expected to recover.

Lancaster Bros., sawmill owners at Pine Ridge, Texas, have filed a deed of trust preferring local creditors to the amount of \$30,000. W. M. Robertson is named as assignee.

At Waco, Texas, John D. Rockefeller and fifteen of his Standard Oil business associates have been indicted by the Grand Jury for entering into a conspiracy to control the coal oil market. Gov. Hogg has indicated his purpose to issue a requisition on the Governor of New York for the parties.

## WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Cleveland declines to allow Watts' painting, "Love and Life," to be hung in the White House.

President Cleveland is said to be perfecting a plan whereby civil service rules will apply to practically all the departments.

Busts of Vice Presidents Stevenson, George M. Dallas, and Elbridge Gerry have been placed in the Vice Presidential niches in the Senate gallery at Washington.

The National Fish Commission will hereafter furnish gold fish only to State Commissions, to parks, and for public uses generally, and will refuse private applicants.

Congressman-elect Howard, of Alabama, author of "If Christ Came to Congress," says he is going to introduce a resolution investigating President Cleveland's source of wealth.

What promises to be a most sensational divorce suit was begun at Washington, D. C., Friday by the filing of a bill in the District Court. The principals are well known in society, and the correspondents whom it is reported the husband will name in his cross petition are two prominent public men—one a Senator from the East and the other a Representative from Pennsylvania, both being married men. The plaintiff is Mrs. Virginia S. Orth, who sues for an absolute divorce from her husband, charging cruel treatment on many occasions. She is a well-known society woman.

The annual report of United States Treasurer H. D. Morgan shows that the net ordinary revenues for the last fiscal year were \$297,722,019, a decrease of \$88,067,609 as compared with the year before. The net ordinary expenditures were \$367,525,279, a decrease of \$15,952,674. Including the public debt, the total receipts on all accounts were \$724,006,538 and the expenditures \$698,908,552.

## FOREIGN.

Kanakas on the New Guinea Islands have revolted and eaten all the white settlers.

China has sent an officer to Japan to negotiate terms of peace. It is said she offers \$175,000,000 indemnity.

The Bundesrath has appointed Dr. Pioda von Locarno to be Swiss minister to Washington. He is now counselor of the Swiss legation at Rome.

Dispatches have been received at Chefoo stating that the Japanese captured Port Arthur on Wednesday, after eighteen hours fighting. The Japanese fleet did not take part in the engagement, though the torpedo boats attached to the fleet did. The Japanese are now leaving Port Arthur.

Shanghai advises say Count Oyama's army is marching northward through the Liao Tung promontory in the direction of Nuchwang. He has left 10,000 troops behind for the investment of Port Arthur. After reaching Nuchwang it is said that Oyama's destination will be Shan-Hai-Kwan, the terminus of the railroad to Tien-Tsin.

"Lord Ashburton," otherwise known as "William Griffith," alias "Griffin," alias "Graham," alias "Charles Bertrand," alias "St. Elmer Donaldson," alias "Big

Griff," alias "Griff," the notorious international swindler, has been run to earth by Scotland Yard detectives and is in prison in London.

A London paper asserts that as a result of the understanding between Russia and England the Dardanelles is likely to be opened to all warships.

Emperor Nicholas is suffering greatly from insomnia, and is consequently very much depressed in spirits. The Czarina has become very much emaciated as the result of her vigil at the bedside of her husband, and the subsequent tax upon her physical strength imposed by the journey to St. Petersburg and her participation in the various ceremonies over the body of the late Czar.

Salvador Franch, the chief conspirator in the bomb-throwing plot which resulted in the death of thirty persons and the wounding of eighty others in the Lyceum theater in Barcelona, Spain, a little more than a year ago, was shot to death there at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. He rejected energetically the efforts of the priests, who sought to persuade him to turn his mind to his approaching death, and expressed scorn and contempt for those persons who believed that his recent pretended conversion was genuine. The prisoner showed no fear. His meals were eaten with a good appetite and were apparently relished. It was several times found necessary for the military to charge upon and disperse the crowds which had collected about the prison in the hope of seeing the execution. Franch cried, "Long live anarchy!" as he was being led to the place of his execution, and scoffed at religion to the last.

A letter from Mayroyeni Bey, the Sublime Porte's representative at Washington, to the New York Herald regarding the reported Turkish outrages in Armenia, says: "I have been, I admit, very much surprised. I will not say with the unfairness, but with the hastiness of the New York daily press' criticisms and publications of wild reports about the disturbances created by certain misguided Armenians in some parts of Asiatic Turkey." "The assertions published by the London Daily News are entirely incorrect. The facts are as follows: Armenian brigands, having in their possession arms of foreign origin, in connection with insurgent Kurds, burned and destroyed Mussulman villages near Sassoun. In order to give an idea of the ferocity displayed by these Armenian bands, the example, among many others, may be given of the burning alive of a Mussulman after his being forced to swallow some explosive matters. Regular troops were sent with instructions to protect peaceful inhabitants, and notwithstanding the calamities which were published against these troops, the truth is that they have not only protected all law-abiding subjects, including, of course, women and children, but also restored peace to the satisfaction of all. It has also been said that the Kurds had stolen all the furniture and cattle of the Armenian fugitives. It is not so."

## IN GENERAL.

Montreal is to have a world's fair, to be held from May 24 to Oct. 31, 1896.

Three ocean liners, the Catalonia, Kansas and Bovic, are several days overdue.

The international gas pipe between Detroit and Windsor, Ont., has been completed.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union convention completed its session at Cleveland and adjourned.

Huker Bech, a Hungarian emigrant bound from Budapest to North Dakota, landed in New York with his family of three and a fortune of \$120,000.

A letter from Lieutenant Peary, the Greenland explorer, has been received at Dundee, Scotland. It was brought by a whaling vessel and was dated Cape York, May 29.

The Anthracite Coal Company of Canada, it is rumored, will erect large coal bunkers at Vancouver, B. C., and ship extensively to San Francisco and Puget Sound.

Mount Ranier, Washington, is reported to be in eruption. The snow-capped cone on its summit has disappeared and steam is rising from the crater. Several slight earthquake shocks have been felt at Tacoma.

Obituary: At Caldwell, Ohio, George Washington Brown, 80; at North Adams, Mass., James T. Robinson, 72; at Bloomington, Ill., Mrs. Napoleon B. Heaffer, 66; at Topeka, Ind., Norman Latta, 49.

Obituary: At Tiffin, Ohio, General William H. Gibson, 72.—At Denver, Colo., Bridget Duffy, 101, formerly of Chicago.—At Oshkosh, Wis., Paul J. Reynolds.—At Virginia, Ill., Mrs. Mary Kennedy, 100.—At Paris, Dr. Claudio Jannet.

Obituary: At McGregor, Iowa, Gregor McGregor, aged 50.—At Jacksonville, Fla., United States District Attorney Owen J. Sumner, 34.—At Maletus, Tenn., Mrs. Susan B. Hudson, 102.—At Queensville, Ind., Thomas Allwell, 96.—At Escanaba, Mich., Carl Rathfon, 40.—At Coldwater, Mich., Mrs. E. F. Ray.

## MARKET REPORTS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75@6.50; hogs, shipping grades, \$4@5; sheep, fair to choice, \$2@3.50; wheat, No. 2, red, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2, 49¢@49½¢; oats, No. 2, 28¢@29¢; rye, No. 2, 48¢@48½¢; butter, choice, creamery, 24½¢@25½¢; eggs, fresh, 20½¢@21½¢; potatoes, car lots, per bushel, 60¢@70¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3@5.50; hogs, choice light, \$4@4.75; sheep, common to prime, \$2@2.50; wheat, No. 2, red, 50¢@51¢; corn, No. 1 white, 43¢@43½¢; oats, No. 2 white, 33¢@34¢.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3@4; hogs, \$3@4.75; wheat, No. 2, red, 50¢@51¢; corn, No. 2, 43¢@44¢; oats, No. 2, 30¢@30½¢; rye, No. 2, 51¢@53¢.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50@5.25; hogs, \$4@4.75; sheep, \$2@2.50; wheat, No. 1 white, 56¢@56½¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 46¢@46½¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢@32½¢; rye, No. 2, 49¢@51¢.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2, red, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2, yellow, 45¢@45½¢; oats, No. 2, white, 32¢@32½¢; rye, No. 2, 49¢@50¢.

Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50@5.25; hogs, \$4@5; sheep, \$2@3; wheat, No. 2, red, 58¢@59¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 49½¢@50½¢; oats, No. 2 white, 36¢@37¢.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 57¢@58¢; corn, No. 3, 46¢@47¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢@33¢; barley, No. 2, 53¢@56¢; rye, No. 1, 49¢@51¢; pork, mess, \$12@12.75.

New York—Cattle, \$3@6; hogs, \$3.50@5; sheep, \$2@2.50; wheat, No. 2, red, 59¢@60¢; corn, No. 2, 58¢@59¢; oats, white Western, 37¢@41¢; butter, creamery, 25¢@26¢; eggs, Western, 23¢@26¢.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

## Lesson for Dec. 2.

Golden Text: "Behold, I send my messenger before thy face."—Luke 7: 27.

"Christ's Testimony to John" is the subject of this lesson, which is found in Luke 7: 24-35. Next to Christ there is no more interesting figure in the New Testament group than that of John the Baptist. What shall we say of him? Certainly nothing else than Christ here spake when he called John "much more than a prophet," and up to his time the greatest of those born of woman. There is a way of reading or expounding this narrative such as would degrade John to a weakling. Doubtless he was tried to the verge of disheartenment, and Christ himself says that ours is a privilege and purchase of power which by the aid of the Spirit makes the least of us greater than the Baptist, but our Savior's strong language on this occasion sets aside the imputation that John was either in the pit of despair or on the deserts of vacillation. He was no shaken reed, he was no petted child of luxury. He was a hero, every inch of him, and the present queries are not to be interpreted as in any sense a renunciation of the faith. Rather may we not esteem them as coming from deep devotion rather than dark despair. John is in dismal confinement. Doubtless it tries his soul and the souls of his immediate disciples. He had perhaps anticipated another denouement, but now he sees the end is drawing nigh. He also hears of the "wonderful works of the Nazarene. Is his own work finished? Is he to bear no larger part in the new kingdom, and is the Lamb of God fairly and fully entered upon his great mission and career? This for his own sake and for his disciples' sake and for the world's sake John wants to be assured of, and, being so assured, he silently retires, his work being ended.

## Points in the Lesson.

"The messengers of John." It is the last appeal of the Old to the New. The law salutes the gospel, the last of the prophets salutes the author and finisher of faith. It is the final declaration of prophecy's fulfillment and of the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The messengers have "departed," but not empty-handed. It would be interesting to follow them as they bear back to John the precious messages of Jesus that these signs are worthy to be believed. The blind seeing, the lame walking, etc., these are the sure tokens that the kingdom has begun and the Christ has come to establish his reign. We can imagine the worn and weary John turning aside now, not with grief, but with deep joy, to await God's call. He has fulfilled his course, he is ready for translation.

"What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" And now let us get Christ's own estimate of John the Baptist. Some men may just now be thinking him a reed that bends with the wind. Circumstances seem to help out such reports. This very embassy of John's disciples might possibly suggest it. Or did any at the outset go out expecting to find a yielding, easy-going or ease-loving soul? Such could not have spoken as John spoke, or have endured as John endured, Christ but mentions them to indicate by the very mention their absurdity. What John was at the Jordan, he is still, i. e., in this mission of his life. A man he is, and subject to like sorrows and discomforts as others, under something of grief and burden just now, but there stands his life, let it speak for him.

"Wisdom is justified of her children." It is the life that vindicates and establishes. The world stands or sits like unnatural and stubborn children in the market place spending the time in fruitless complaint and criticism, instead of in the enjoyment which might be theirs. Some see too much austerity in religion, others too little. But here in the midst all the time stands Christ preached by prophets and apostles, hands full of benefits and pleadingly saying, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Let mother wisdom drive us home to God and his salvation in Christ.

## Hints and Illustrations.

Do with John the Baptist as Christ did with him, honor his noble character. Prove by him how God uses man for high and divine ends; show how great he was, and yet how much greater the privilege of the humblest child of the kingdom. The traits of character in John that are worthy of emulation are self-devotion, loyalty and humility. Greatest among the prophets and them of the old dispensation, he bows reverently and joyfully at the feet of the Man of Nazareth. His life is a specimen life under the great plan of God, and the glory which is now his and the grace which is now ours make up but a part of the rich fruitage of that life.

When John was born it was prophesied that he should go before "in the spirit and power of Elias." The effects of that power were further declared to be "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Is there anything more needed to-day? We might well pray for the coming of some one armed with the spirit and power of Elias. Austria is solicitous because there is no royal son to take the crown. Kingdoms are full of acclamations when an heir is born in the princely halls. But of how little moment are these compared with the birth of a Whitefield, a Wesley, a Spurgeon, in whom is the spirit and power of Elijah? Is there such an one somewhere for the generation before us?

"As bright as the promises of God," said Judson regarding his prospects abroad. The career of John the Baptist demonstrates that one may be accounted strong without the show of success, that the shut-in life is a providential life, and that real steadfastness and straightforwardness may go along with seeming defeat and failure. Mr. Moody is reported to have said that God has no use for a discouraged man. The expression is strong. Many



# Geraldine



CHAPTER VI.

THE PIECE OF WHITE HEATHER.  
"For whom should I the garland make?  
But her who joys the gift to take,  
And boasts she wears it for my sake?"

But Jerry, as before, found nothing amiss.

She went to bed that night with the foolish whisper tingling in her ears and buzzing through her little head. She mentally resolved to see that piece of heliotrope—it was sure to be lying somewhere about Belenden's room in the morning—and keep it forever for his sake. She sat and gazed into the depths of the quaint old mirror, now at last appreciated, while she twisted up the golden curls and hung them this way and that way about her fair forehead; by many a device she sought to catch glimpses here and there of nose and chin and mouth, wondering and seeking to divine of what account they were, those all unknown, unexplored possessions of hers in his eyes? Did he think her pretty? Would he have liked her to be prettier or taller? Would he have thought more of her had she been as tall as Ethel or Alicia? Would he have said to them the same pleasant things he was forever saying to her?

And the vain little heart counted over one by one her treasures as she yet longed for more, and the little white-robed figure grew cold and chilly as she sat there, a small spot in the great, dim bedroom, thinking and thinking, and never a bit the wiser for it.

She had softly got out of the bed and relit her candle after the maid had left, and it was long ere the faint light it shed was finally extinguished; but at length the show was over, and in she crept again beneath the silken coverlet, courting sleep, to find that he had taken to himself wings and fled, only to return by fits and starts to her poor little hot, feverish pillow.

The following morning Cecil and his friend were to be off to the moor at break, or nearly at break of day, and Jerry had been told that her "Good-night" to them might stand for her "Good-morning" also, since they would be miles away among the heather, ere her eyes had unclosed next day.

But could she sleep? While all the stir was going on, while dogs were barking and keepers shouting, and the breakfast bustling along the passages, the whole place, as it were, agog with-out and within? Was it likely?

It would be excuse enough in her grandmother's mind that she had been aroused by all the noise and commotion, and that once thoroughly awakened, she could not help getting up and coming down to preside at the breakfast-table. Neither the granny nor Cecil could so, once the thing were done—though the artful little minx had the wit to keep her own counsel beforehand—and accordingly, when daylight began to spread across the heavens, and long, long before she had been thinking about it, up she rose, stealthily bathed her burning cheeks, on tiptoe performed her hasty toilet, and hushed even her gentlest movements if a step went by, lest perchance they should betray her. It would have been terrible to have been found out with her purpose unachieved.

The breakfast was to be on the table at 9:30 o'clock, and by 6 Jerry was fully dressed and all impatience, so that a weary half hour had to be dragged through by her poor little fasting frame and tumultuous spirit first.

She sat down to wait by the open window.

It was a heavenly morning, warm even at that early hour, and breathlessly still. Not a ripple stirred the glassy waters of the loch beneath, nor moved the few white fleecy cloudlets which were scarcely visible, hung high in the blue expanse overhead.

The tide was at its lowest, and flocks of sea-birds crowded the sandy bays and head-lands, wading, feeding, and chattering.

A herring "scow" was hanging out its brown sail to dry close to the shore, yet not so close but that its long, straight shadow lay upon the motionless water beneath. A wreath of blue smoke arising from the deck, was also mirrored in the water, showing that others were astir as well as the inmates of the castle hard by, and presently the little watcher from her turret could perceive the fishermen themselves upon the deck, busy in preparations for the day's work.

How she wished that she and Belenden and Cecil had been going aboard the little vessel, going to sail away and away on the blue water, when the in-flowing tide should raise breeze enough to waft her on her course, and when they could hang over the side, by-and-by, drawing in the shy cod, or the silvery whiting, or whatever came first. Cecil had promised that she should go with them the very first night he took his friend out, but it could not be that night, she knew; and now that the shooting had begun in real earnest—and there had been a great deal of talking about it the evening before, and arrangements for shooting this ground and that ground, which betoken every day being filled up, even though Capt. Belenden had under pressure extended the proposed length of his stay from two to four or five days—now that all this was in store, who could say when a spare night would be found for the whiting bank?

The fine weather had evidently set in, when Cecil would certainly prefer shooting to sea-fishing, and shooting meant being out very late, and returning home very tired, and quite disinclined to stir a foot outside again. For a great deal of the Inchmaree moor lay at a distance from the castle, and moreover, like most Argyllshire moors,

there was a considerable area to be traversed if anything like good sport were to be obtained. Young Raymond was often so weary at the close of the day as to be fit for nothing but his bed after supper. Supper would be somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock, and was not called or thought of as a dinner, as at some places. Mrs. Campbell, if alone, would have had her dinner at its usual time, and Cecil would sup by himself when he came in, but if he had others with him, the old lady would join the party for the sake of sociability, and turn the whole into a merry meal, though she would not allow a succession of courses at that hour, and still adhered to the old-fashioned, homely name in word as well as in deed.

Now by half-past 9 o'clock Jerry ought to be safe and sound tucked up within her little bed; her hour for leaving the drawing-room was 9, and she was allowed half an hour for undressing—and never but on that one occasion of the billiard match had the evening summons been allowed to pass unheeded. Something in her grandmother's look had sent the little girl quietly off the night before. Jerry, we have said, was a child of quick perceptions, and without a word having been said, she understood perfectly that granny was not entirely pleased about something or other, and that it would be wiser not to risk any advances just then. Her conscience was just shaky enough to give rise to an unwonted timidity with both granny and Cecil, and she was inclined to be conciliatory and deferential, and everything that she could wish, in the hope of being kept in favor.

But oh! this supper. She had heard the order given, and the hour named, and ever since that tortures of anxiety had been hers! To say anything about the matter beforehand would be most certainly to spoil all, since on some points her grandmother could make a stand even against herself, and Jerry's bed-time had been one of those points on which the old lady had, with the single exceptions above narrated, been inflexible. Jerry had weakly, as she now considered, given in about it at the first—the truth being that she had not cared about the matter, since evenings alone with granny had not been amusing enough to excite an effort, and neither had Cecil's friends, when they had been present, done much towards public environment.

They had usually remained in the dining-room, or gone off to the smoking-room, even if they had returned tolerably early from the moor—and on other days she had not seen them at all. Then granny's visitors came, and went to sit solemnly round, and yawn, or play the piano, and talk in whispers. There had been no games, no fun, no anything. Even granny herself who was a bit too old for these, had owned she got on better with young folks than with her own contemporaries. It was not then to be supposed that they could be of any sort of value to the 14 or 15-year-old little girl, and she had never experienced either hopes or fears connected with them.

Captain Belenden was, oh! how different. He had talked to her, told her stories, asked her all about herself and her likings and dislikings, and confided about himself and his likings and dislikings. She had got to know a great deal about him, and felt as if he had taken pains to know about her. They had had a long ramble during the previous afternoon, and she had shown him her gardens, her grounds, her stables, and kennels, her home farm and dairy, and several of her favorite haunts. He had seemed to care to see them all, and to hear about them all. He had seemed to like everything about Inchmaree, and presently he had produced a little sketch which he had taken of the castle turret from a point high up on the Kincairg moor, and which he had thought it would please its little mistress to possess. Her surprise and gratitude had touched him, and, in presenting it, he had allowed himself to say another of those pretty sayings which he would only have ventured on with such a child.

Here, we may just remark, for the enlightenment of our readers, that Belenden was not a flirting man, and, curiously enough, had never been in love in his life. Perhaps the world had opened its arms too wide to him—it does sometimes.

But here was a pleasant little plaything, with whom he might be as pleasant as he chose in return, and he had had no fears, and meant no harm. He had, moreover, found Jerry's companionship so preferable to that of the Kincairg party, none of whom were of his set, or knew his haunts, or could talk his talk, that he had been ready to make still more of her than he might have done otherwise, and had, in consequence, wrought infinitely, more damage.

She was now full of him, cared only for his notice, burned only to be in his presence.

Well, she had secured the breakfast time anyway and more, had secured it for herself. Granny absent, Belenden would have no one to claim his attention but herself (for he did not greatly favor Cecil when others were by), besides which, Cecil would be sure to be pretty fully occupied with the business in hand, the calls on him made by one and another, the bustle of preparation, and the start. She knew how it would be with him. For once and again ere now she had got up to this early shooting breakfast, on the hot August days, when it was a novelty, and had let her loose to run about for a while before the sun was too high—and she means to make the most of those occasions now, should a remark be passed on her appearing.

None was—of an adverse nature. Belenden indeed looked surprised, but it was mere genuine astonishment quite untinted with reproach.

"You are a good girl!" he exclaimed heartily. "Are you always up with the lark like this? By Jove, you ought to be coming with us. How you would enjoy it! I wish we had thought of that before—but perhaps it is not too late now." Jerry do you say? Will you come?

"Oh-h-h!" Jerry drew in a breath, and could say no more. "I'll take care of you if your cousin sees no objection," proceeded he. "I dare say there is a hill pony somewhere that could be pressed into your service, and if you grew tired by the middle of the day, you could be sent

home with a keeper. What do you think?"

"Think! Whv, of course I could have a pony, and of course I could go, if only granny and Cecil will let me," almost sobbed Geraldine, trembling with excitement and anxiety. "Oh, if they only will! But I am afraid they never, never will. Granny has a perfect horror of 'shooting ladies,' as she calls them."

"But one day on the moor could hardly turn you into a 'shooting lady,' or else I don't think I should ask for it myself," quoth Belenden. "I think your grandmamma might allow it just for once," and, as apart from his desire to please her, he experienced a feeling that her company would be an agreeable addition to that of the young Oxonian, he spoke with an earnestness which showed he meant to be taken at his word.

"What is it you are in doubt about, Belenden?" said Cecil, entering at the moment; "anything I can get you?"

"Why, yes; get permission for this little lady to ride alongside of us on the moor. Don't you think she might? She would be in no one's way; and I dare say she is quite as good for a long day among the grouse as the best of us."

"Impossible!" said Cecil, with a look of amazement. "My grandmother would never hear of such a thing! Why, Jerry, surely you did not propose it? Was that why you got up?"

"No, indeed," cried Jerry, almost in tears; "indeed I never thought of it, Cecil. Really and truthfully I didn't. I only got up to see you off. You know," she added, coloring and hesitating ever so little, "you know I do often see you off."

"Not very often. But—well?"

"And Capt. Belenden thought that—that perhaps I might go too, if granny and you did not mind."

"My grandmother would most certainly object. She would never hear of it," said Cecil to him.

"But, really, would she not? Ladies do not, you know; and—and—"

"Oh, yes; some ladies do, certainly. Not those of our family," said Cecil, with all the stiffness of the Raymonds dead and alive on the subject; "it is the last thing we should ever wish them to do."

"She is such a child," murmured Belenden, apart to him, "and different from other children, too. She must have but few pleasures in this lonely place; why deny one on the mere score of propriety?"

"You own it would be improper?"

"Not at all, for a little girl like her. It would be different if she were a few years older. At present it could surely do no harm."

"Oh, no 'harm,' I dare say. However, it is not for me to say either 'yes,' or 'no.' I do not think my grandmother at all likely to consent; but, of course, Jerry can ask her—"

"And may I say you will take care of me?" Jerry was on the wing instantaneously.

"No—say I will," cried Belenden, laughing. And somehow Cecil thought of the heliotrope as he looked at him, and from him to Geraldine.

It proved that he knew his grandmother best. She was shocked, almost incredulous, could hardly believe that a man who knew the world as Capt. Belenden did, could have made such a proposition, and assured his messenger with many an ominous shake of the head, that it was no compliment to her at her age to be considered too young to be at all in the way by young men who wanted to smoke, and talk, and shoot. If Capt. Belenden thought of her in that light, it meant that she was to be no restraint upon them, and that they might go on just as freely together as though she were not there; and how would she like that? She little knew how uncomfortable it would make her feel. Young women who respected themselves should always be a restraint after a fashion upon young men, and Jerry was really growing to be a young woman now, and ought to feel as one.

She took it very ill of Capt. Belenden, the old lady further proceeded, to have mooted such an idea, an idea that but for her would never have entered Jerry's head—and, indeed, she had meant to tell Jerry to be a little more careful, and not to run on quite so fast with her tongue when Belenden was by, in case he took it into his mind that she was wilder and more untamed than she really was; this suggestion of his showed that her caution would have been a wise one—and so on, until the poor little girl, ashamed, aggrieved, and bitterly repentant, all at once broke out into an agony of sobs and tears, and rushed from the room, seeking only to be unseen and unspoken to any more.

Go down again? Not for worlds. Her own chamber, and behind a fast-lock door was the one place for her now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Early Infantry Equipment.**  
Among the arms now obsolete, which formed a large part of the infantry equipment in the days when the army was started, was the pike, which was in the form of a spear, with a flat and pointed head, mounted on a staff from thirteen to eighteen feet long. The firearm in general use at the time was the matchlock.

What would a Sergeant Major of the present day, with his men armed with a magazine rifle, think of such a weapon as this: "Attached to the lock of this musket was a pan, also a cock, the hammer of which was somewhat in the form of a bird's, serpent's or dog's head; this head was split, and a screw compressed or eased the slits. The piece being loaded first with powder and then with ball, some powder was poured into the pan; the pan was then shut to keep this 'priming' from dropping out, and to keep it dry. When the soldier wished to fire, he fastened his burning match into the slit of the cock, opened the pan, looked to his priming, presented, and pulled the trigger; the match falling into the pan, fired it.

"Between the pan and the breach of the barrel communication was established by means of a small hole; when the piece was being loaded, the grains of powder were naturally rammed and shaken down close to this hole, and when priming, the soldier took care to perfect the communication of the powder in the pan with that in the barrel; thus the explosion in the pan caused the ignition of the charge."—All the Year Round.

## T. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### FIRST OF THE PREACHER'S ROUND THE WORLD SERIES.

A Vivid Story of the Famous Siege at Lucknow, India—Christian Character in Time of Distress and Danger—Havelock's Devotion and Courage.

Lucknow's Martyrs.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Sunday began a his series of round the world sermons through the press, the first subject selected being Lucknow, India. The text chosen was Deuteronomy xx., 19, "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them."

The awfullest thing in war is besiegement, for to the work of deadly weapons it adds hunger and starvation and plague. Besiegement is sometimes necessary, but my text commands mercy even in that. The fruit trees must be spared because they afford food for man. "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them." But in my recent journey round the world I found at Lucknow, India, the remains of the most merciless besiegement of the ages, and I proceeded to tell you that story for four great reasons—to show you what a horrid thing war is and to make you all advocates for peace, to show you what genuine Christian character is under bombardment, to put a coronation on Christian courage, and to show you how splendidly good people die.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English Government.

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evidenced throughout India. The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the British scepter had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans. There is none now.

It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growing for their victims. The occupants of the residency, or fort, were—military and noncombatants, men, women, and children—in number about 1,692.

I suggest in one sentence some of the chief woes to which they were subjected when I say that these people were in the residency five months without a single change of clothing, some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies and all a-squirm with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night; the hospital crowded with the dying; smallpox, scurvy, cholera adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want crowded and sacrificed in a cellar where nine children were born; less and less food; no water except that which was brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the effluvia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 20,000 shrieking Hindoo devils should break in upon the garrison of the residency, now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

A Visit to the Residency.

"Call me early," I said, "to-morrow morning and let us be at the residency before the sun becomes too hot." At 7 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the residency. Battered and torn was the masonry of the entrance, signature of shot and punctuation of cannon ball all up and down everywhere.

"Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banquet hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood. They all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anesthetics were exhausted. A fracture that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy convalescence here proved fatal.

"Yonder was Dr. Fayer's house, who was the surgeon of the place and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper room was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, was wounded. While he sat there a shell struck the room, and some one suggested that he had better leave the room, but he smiled and said, 'Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' Hardly had he said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Fayer's house on the other side of the road. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the military. He had been in the Indian service for years, and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay the English Government requested him to remain at least awhile, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow and foreseeing the siege of this residency had filled many of the rooms with grain, without which the residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this residency rice and sugar and charcoal and fodder for the oxen and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying."

Our escort described the scene—unique, tender, beautiful, and overpowering—and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged and lacerated and broken-hearted met the whiz of bullets, and the demonic hiss of bursting shells, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

A Glory to Christendom.

"As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the residency, who at any moment might be sub-

jected to the savages who howled around the residency, their breaking in only a matter of time unless re-enforcements should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch: 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!'

"He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give directions for the care of his favorite horse. He charged the officers, saying: 'By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperadoes. Die fighting.' He took charge of the asylum he had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying: 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence; who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.'

"He said, 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as, 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him.' Isn't it from Daniel? So as brave a man as England or India ever saw expired. The soldiers lifted the cover from his face and kissed him before they carried him out. The chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero amid the rattling hail of the guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time."

All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under seven. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

"There," said our escort, "Bob the Nailer did the work."

"Who was Bob the Nailer?"

"Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when any one of our men ventured across the road he would drop him with a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up Bob the Nailer went with it."

I said to him, "Had you made up your minds what you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?"

"Oh, yes!" said my escort. "We had it all planned, for the probability was every hour for nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1,600 against 60,000, and for the latter part of the time it was 900 against 60,000, and the residency and the earthworks around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the besiegement. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of those desperadoes. You must remember that we and all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpur, and we knew what defeat meant. If unable to hold out any longer, we would have blown ourselves up, and all gone out of life together."

An Awful Prison.

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months."

Then we crossed over, and went down into the cellar of the residency. With a shudder of horror indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary, speaking of these women: "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death angel and the birth angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them in a violence of which club and sword and torch and throat-cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiery. They waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grapeshot. They soled each other when their children died. When a husband or father fell, such prayers of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspiration for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

Our escort told us that again and again news had come that Havelock and Outram were on the way to fetch these besieged ones out of their wretchedness. They had received a letter from Havelock rolled up in a quill and carried in the mouth of a disguised messenger—a letter telling them he was on the way—but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vacillation between hope and despair. But one day they heard the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the houses of Lucknow were fortresses filled with armed miscreants, and every step of Havelock and his army was contested—firing from house-tops, firing from windows, firing from doorways.

Sentiment and Poetry.

I asked our friend if he thought that the world-famous story of a Scotch lass in her delirium hearing the Scotch bagpipes advancing with the Scotch regiment was a true story. He said he did not know but that it was true. Without this man's telling me I knew from my own observation that delirium sometimes quickens some of the faculties, and I rather think the Scotch lass in her delirium did hear the slogan. I almost heard it myself as I stood inside the residency while my escort told of the coming on of the Seventy-eighth Highland regiment.

"Were you present when Havelock came in?" I asked, for I could suppress the question no longer. His answer came: "I was not at the moment present, but with some other young fellows I saw soldiers dancing while two Highland pipers played, and I said, 'What is all this excitement about?' Then we came up and saw that Havelock was in, and Outram was in, and the regiments were pouring in. Here it is—the embrasure through which they came."

As we stood there, although the scene was thirty-seven years ago, I saw them

come in—Havelock pale and sick, but triumphant, and Outram, whom all the equestrian statues in Calcutta and Europe cannot too grandly present.

The Grave of Havelock.

About four miles from the residency I visited the grave of Havelock. The scenes of hardship and self-sacrifice through which he had passed were too much for mortal endurance, and a few days after Havelock left the residency which he had relieved he lay in a tent dying, while his son, whom I saw in London on my way here, was reading to the old hero the consolatory Scriptures. The telegraph wires had told all nations that Havelock was sick unto death. He had received the message of congratulation from Queen Victoria over his triumphs and had been knighted, and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has led his last army and planned the last battle. Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to Gen. Outram:

"I die happy and contented. I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. To die is gain."

Sir Henry Havelock, the son in whose arms the father died, when I came through London invited three of the heroes of Lucknow to meet me at his table, and told me concerning his father some most inspiring and Christian things. He said:

"My father knew not what fear was. He would say to me in the morning, as he came out of his tent, 'Harry, have you read the book?'

"'Yes.'"

"'Have you said your prayers?'

"'Yes.'"

"'Have you had your breakfast?'

"'Yes.'"

"'Come, then, and let us mount and go out to be shot at and die like gentlemen.'"

The three other heroes at Lucknow at that table told of Gen. Havelock other things just as stirring. What a speech that was Havelock made to his soldiers as he started for Cawnpur, India!

"Over 200 of our race are still alive in Cawnpur. With God's help we will save them from death. I am trying you severely, my men, but I know what you are made of."

The enthusiasm of his men was well suggested by the soldier lying asleep, and Havelock riding along, his horse stumbled over the soldier and awoke him, and the soldier, recognizing the General, cried out, cheerily: "Make room for the General! God bless the General!"

Havelock's Immortal Fame.

A plain monument marks Havelock's grave, but the epitaph is as beautiful and comprehensive as anything I have ever seen, and I copied it then and there, and it is as follows:

"Here rest the mortal remains of Henry Havelock, Major General in the British army and knight commander of the bath, who died at Dilkoosha, Lucknow, of dysentery, produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857. He was born on the 5th day of April, 1795, at Bishops, Wermouth, county Durham, England; entered the army 1815; came to India 1823 and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the wars of Burma, Afghanistan, the Mahratta campaign of 1843 and the Sutlej of 1845.

"Retained by adverse circumstances in subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to show that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier. He commanded a division in the Persian expedition of 1857. In the terrible convulsion of that year his genius and character were at length fully developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Ceylon coast by that Providence which designed him for greater things, he was nominated to the command of the column destined to relieve the brave garrison of Lucknow. This object, after almost superhuman exertion, he, by the blessing of God, accomplished. But he was not spared to receive on earth the reward so dearly earned. The Divine Master whom he served saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labor in the moment of his greatest triumphs. He departed to his rest in humble but confident expectation of far greater rewards and honors which a grateful country was anxious to bestow. In him the skill of a commander, the courage and devotion of a soldier, the learning of a scholar, the grace of a highly bred gentleman, and all the social and domestic virtues of a husband, father and friend were blended together and strengthened, harmonized and adorned by the spirit of a true Christian, the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and of a humble reliance on the merits of a crucified Savior. II Timothy iv, 7, 8: 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' This monument is erected by his sorrowing widow and family."

Is not that magnificent? But I said, while standing at Havelock's grave, Why does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster Abbey make him a pillow?

The Application.

In all her history of wars there is no name so magnetic, yet she has expressed nothing on this man's tomb. His widow reared the tombstone. Do you say "Let him sleep in the region where he did his grandest deeds?"

The same reason would have buried Wellington in Belgium, and Von Moltke at Versailles, and Grant at Vicksburg, and Stonewall Jackson far away from his beloved Lexington, Va. Take him home, O England! The rescuer of the men, women and children at Lucknow! His ear now dulled could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable abbey the national anthem but it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram, his fellow hero in the overthrow of the Indian mutiny. Let Parliament make appropriation from the national treasury and some great warship under some favorite admiral sail across Mediterranean and Arabian Seas and wait at Bombay harbor for the coming of this conqueror of conquerors, and then, saluted by the shipping of all free nations, let him pass on and pass up and come under the arches of the abbey and along the aisles where have been carried the mightiest dead of many centuries.

The Germany army uses one hundred and thirty-seven million blank cartridges a year.



SWEARS TO A MOURNFUL FACT.

Still Candidate Tinker Isn't Quite Sure He Was Running.

Clarence Tinker, Democrat candidate for state Senator in this district, has filed the following unique affidavit under the law requiring candidates to file a statement of their election expenses:

Clarence Tinker being duly sworn, deposes and says that he was the Democrat candidate for the office of state Senator for the Thirteenth Senatorial district for the state of Michigan, United States of North America; that he ran for said office the best he could; from the latest reports he has he was badly distanced, and from such reports he really needs an affidavit before he can be thoroughly convinced that he was running. To those who voted for him he feels very grateful; with those who did not he has no fault to find; but his private opinion at this time is that the game of politics is a delusion, "especially to the fellow who gets beat." He has not lost faith in the principles of Democracy, nevertheless, and believes them as substantial as the hills, and if truth crushed to the earth will rise again, look out for us in '96; and like another he would exclaim, "I'm a Democrat." During the late conflict he paid out, "and am sorry for it," \$130, and is thankful with a cold winter coming on that it was no more. It was used in various ways, principally for hotel, railroad, printing, livery, halls and other expenses, such as postage, etc., and I do swear that none of it was spent in any way contrary to the laws of this state. Sincerely hoping that I may never be called upon again to make an affidavit on such a mournful subject as the election of 1894 is to me, I respectfully submit the above.

CLARENCE TINKER.

From the Oakland County Advertiser.

SMOKED HOBOS.

Two tramps applied to Marshal Algeo for a night's lodging in the village ba-tile Tuesday evening. He granted their request and after locking them in filled the stove with soft coal, turned off the draft and damper, and left them for the night. The stove began to smoke and the hobos began to holler. The passing thought the fellows were drunk and paid no attention to them. The indications were that the hobos would die before being noticed as no one paid any attention to their cries. At last it occurred to one of them that if he could throw his jack knife through the front window, he might attract someones attention. He missed the window, they certainly would die by being overcome with the smoke. He threw the knife which went through the front window and attracted the attention of a passer by and was able to tell what the trouble was. Mr. Algeo was sent for and unlooked the calls just in time to prevent the hobos from dying. One of them was very sick for sometime, however they congratulated themselves on having attracted the attention of some one on the outside thereby saving their lives. Tasy were two about as frightened hobos as ever were seen in this town.

HOLLY.

From the Advertiser.

Mr. and Mrs. Gao. Morris were at Flint Monday, to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. B. H. Rowland.

A. N. Kimmis of Wixom, a member of the State Legislature of this district, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Miss Graoe Hill very pleasantly entertained a number of her young friends at her home, on Saturday evening last.

Married, at the residence of John Coleman, in Holly, Thursday, Nov. 22, 1894, by Rev. J. D. Halliday, Alva G. Smithengoll of Holly, and Miss Lora B. Perry of Battle Creek.

Ed. Bentley left Saturday night for Medina, N. Y. Mr. Bentley has been confined to the house for sometime past and it was necessary to take this trip on account of his health.

About thirty of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith of this place, gave them a surprise last Saturday evening, it being their tenth wedding anniversary. They were presented with a couple of handsome chairs. The evening was very pleasantly spent.

H. C. Andrews has moved to Bussey's woods, two miles north of Davisburg, where he has built him a small place and this winter will keep a force of men cutting wood. He says that anyone desiring of having green wood drawn here can get same at \$1.00 per cord, or if they will come after it, they may have it for 50 cents per cord.

An accident to a D. & M. freight train at Davisburg last Friday evening, in which two box cars were placed crosswise of the track, necessitated quite a delay. The passenger train going east at 7:50 had to go by the way of Wixom on the F. & P. M. and to Pontiac over the Grand Trunk, which made them about three hours late in Detroit.

C. L. Hadson received and order for a car load of pork barrels to be shipped to Liverpool, England. This is a long

distance to ship the product of Holly's labor and is probably the longest distance anything was ever shipped manufactured at Holly. Mr. Hudson's business is increasing and promises to be one of Holly's leading enterprises before long.

Died, of consumption, on Sunday last, Hattie, beloved wife of Wm. Fillingham, aged about 24 years. She leaves a husband and one child about four years old. The funeral was held at the family residence in Rose, Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. J. D. Halliday officiating. The remains were followed to the Rose Center cemetery, their last resting place, by a large concourse of friends.

A tramp who gave his name as Thomas O'Reilly, who had succeeded in stealing a ride quite a distance on the 3:15 F. & P. M. passenger train going north, was put off the front end of the baggage car by the baggage-master, Tim Gibbons, as they were pulling out of this place. On being put off he picked up stones and began to throw them at the passenger coaches. Conductor Ed. Martin caught him in the act, pulled the bell cord, stopped the train and got the tramp and turned him over to officer Botsford who lodged him up in the lock-up. He had his examination before Justice Stuart last Saturday, and pleaded not guilty, however Justice Stuart bound him over upon the evidence of the conductor and baggage-master and he will have to stand trial in circuit court.

AN ADDITIONAL CHARGE.

Lawyers in the Underwood's Court

When Justice Underwood of Georgia, had charged the jury it was exceedingly dangerous for the defendant's counsel to ask for an additional charge. William Glenn had been defending a big, strapping town boy, who was charged with an assault and battery upon a smaller boy. The big boy had been imposing upon the little fellows, and one of them hit him with a switch and ran. The big boy pursued him, threw a stone at him, cut a bad gash in his head, and laid him up for a week or two. The grand jury found a true bill, and after the closing speech by the solicitor, the judge charged the law very fairly, and then asked if there was any other charge that counsel desired. Glenn rose and with some tone of apprehension, said: "I believe your honor omitted to charge that self-defense may justify an assault." "Yes," said the judge, as he straightened up—"yes, gentlemen, there is such a law, and if you believe from the evidence that this great big, double-jointed, big-fisted young gentleman was actuated by fear and self-defense when he ran after that poor, little, puny, tallow-faced boy, and, because he couldn't overtake him, picked up a rock big enough to knock down a steer and threw it at him and knocked him senseless, then you can find for the defendant. Any other charges, Brother Glenn?" "I believe not," said Glenn.

HIGH HEELED BOOTS.

They Have a Greater Influence on

It has been stated that a young lady went one day to an oculist with trouble in her eyes which threatened frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. The foot, in its kid boot, with a wicked little high heel, was thrust forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face. "Go home," he said, "and take off those heels. Keep them off for a month, and then come to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are."

In a month the eyes were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and a little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It serves to show that there is the possibility that with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the center of the foot, where so many delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so intimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come disarrangements and disease that may work fatal mischief with the health.

THE DOG ON GUARD.

A Canine Member of the Postoffice Department.

One of the postoffice officials of Boston is the owner of a bulldog that he would not part with under any circumstances. This dog considers it his special duty to ride to and from the depot and postoffice on the mail wagon and keep guard of the mail sacks. He has followed this custom for a number of years.

One night, after the unloading of the mail car, he started to ride, as usual, on the bags on the wagon, but when the postoffice was reached he was not on board. This was strange, for heretofore no temptation had ever been strong enough to lure him from his post. The sacks were delivered, and as the man called them over one was found to be missing. The wagon driver hurried back to look along the streets.

After searching over a good part of the route he suddenly discovered the dog sitting in the gutter wagging his tail, and evidently overjoyed at being recognized. On going up to him the driver found the dog sitting on the lost mail sack. He had evidently noticed it when it fell from the wagon, and had immediately jumped off and stood guard over it.

ONLY FOOLED HER ON

An Impecunious Husband Forgoes the Trick He Played on His Wife.

I have a friend who is comfortably well off, with a reasonable amount of good investments and a good salary, but he has a weakness for using money freely. He has also a good wife with "a frugal mind," and by a domestic arrangement she exerts a salutary check on the liberality of her spouse. Occasionally he exceeds his allowance and indulges in tricks on his "banker" to secure a little pocket money, for which he does not desire to render a strict account. Not long ago he needed a new hat and bought it, reporting to his good wife that it cost him \$3, and that sum was duly charged by her to his personal expenses, while in fact he paid but \$1.50 at a "mark-down" sale, and so had an equal amount to "blow in" without exposure. In a little time, however, the wife called his attention to the fact that his hat was looking shabby and suggested that he should get a new one, coupling the suggestion with the remark that the hat did not seem to have worn well, and he must exercise more care in his next selection. Having forgotten his "little game," the husband replied hastily that he thought the hat had done pretty good service for a cheap one. "You can't expect anything from a \$1.50 hat."

"How's that?" says the wife, and forthwith she exhibited her account book with its charge of \$3, and the husband was forced to confess his fraud and promise better conduct in future. There is peace just now in that family, but when he brings home a purchase the wife calmly but firmly asks him to turn in a receipted bill from the salesman.

THAT WONDERFUL BABY.

Not All His Fond Mother Imagined. But Did Its Little Best.

The proud young mother had come to pay her first visit, accompanied by the infant son and heir and his nurse. "I don't wish to appear in any way partial," said she, "but really for a child of sixteen months I consider Algernon a marvel of intelligence. He understands every word and joins in the conversation with a sagacity that almost alarms me at times. Speak to the lady, Algernon." "Boo-boo," said Algernon. "Listen to that!" cried the delighted mother. "He means, 'How do you do?' Isn't it wonderful?" "Now, Algernon, ask the lady to play for you (he adores the piano). Now, Algernon, dear" (very coaxingly). "Boo-boo!" said Algernon. "He means, 'music' by that. 'Boo-boo'—'music.' Isn't he too smart for anything? Now, love, tell the lady mamma's name." "Boo-boo!" said Algernon. "That's right. 'Boo-boo'—'Louise.' My name's Louise, you know. Oh, dear, I do hope he isn't too clever to live! Now, say by-by to the lady, precious." "Boo-boo!" said Algernon. "Boo-boo"—"by-by." Why, upon my word there's hardly any difference. Bless his little darling heart! Isn't he a wonder?"

The Coat Fitted.

A few days ago, while a gentleman was buying stamps at the Boston post-office, some one took his umbrella, as he believes, by mistake, and the loser put this card in the morning paper: "The kind friend who carried off my umbrella at the post-office yesterday will bear in mind that the Gates of Heaven' are only twenty-four inches wide. My umbrella measures twenty-eight inches. At the other place he won't need it. Didn't Dives pray for just one drop of water? He had better return it to 208, chamber of commerce, and no questions will be asked." A few days later a boy brought in an umbrella, but, alas! not the advertiser's. He had caught the wrong man's conscience.

Appropriate Names.

In looking over an old dictionary, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions or trades of the persons by whom they were borne: Dunn, a tailor; Gible, a wig-maker; Cutmore, an eating-house-keeper; Boilit, a fishmonger; Rackem, an attorney; Whippy, a saddler; Breadcut, a baker; Goldman, an undertaker; Wicks, a tallow-chandler; and Bringlow, an apothecary.

His Money's Worth.

The minister of a certain Highland parish arrived at the church one stormy Sabbath to find that only one worshiper had braved the elements. Anxious to propitiate him the minister asked: "Shall I go on with the sermon, John?" John, gruffly—Of course. The minister got up into the pulpit, and, leaning over the book-board, inquired of John: "Shall I give you the Gaelic sermon or the English one?" John, more gruffly—His bath; ye're weel paid for t.

The Bacillus of the Influenza.

The microbe of the "grip" otherwise the "influenza bacillus," was discovered by Dr. Canon of Vienna, and first detected it in the blood of several of his patients. It is a curiously shaped organism, many times smaller than the microbe of any other known germ disease, and was only revealed to the human eye by using a microscope with a magnifying power of 1,000 diameters.

Very Simple.

In some parts of Mexico the party who maintain their positions by remaining in jail their political opponents on the eve of an election. When the election is decided the disappointed are released.

HE WAS ON TIME.

Even if He Had to Dress on Board the Street Car.

Since the days when the aborigine determined to deck his form in leaves, the matter of making a toilet has always consumed a portion of every man's lifetime; of some, a very little, the tramp included, of course.

Toilets have been made in some of the most outlandish sorts of places and some of the most outlandish sorts of ways. Toilets have been made on time, but it remained for a young man of St. Louis to beat the record in this matter.

One morning recently as a St. Louis street car was dashing cityward with its customary freight of folks on duty's errand bound, the passengers within were surprised at the sight of a young man rushing from a house, bounding across the street and boarding the car, with his hat, vest, coat and collar in his hand.

He was a fine-looking fellow and as one might judge by appearance, evidently a clerk employed in some one of the big stores. Once safely landed on the car he laid his coat, hat and vest on the seat while he buttoned on the collar and whipped the tie into place. Then he drew from the pocket of the vest he had just donned a comb-case and mirror and leisurely proceeded to fix his hair and moustache. This finished, he drew on his coat, placed his hat upon his head, and with a quick survey of his person, a few sweeps of the hand to carry away any lint that might have stuck upon his trousers, he glanced about the car with an air of absolute unconcern. He was dressed and on time for the office.

BABY AND THE SNAKE.

The Child Fed and Petted a Deadly Black Snake and Was Not Hurt.

Some snake stories were being told at the hotel when B. H. Winterbower of Meade county, Kentucky, said: "I can tell you one that is true to the letter, and quite as surprising as any of your yarns. A sister-in-law of mine, living in the vicinity of Garrett, Ky., had a baby girl hardly 2 years old, and not able to talk plainly. She contracted a habit of taking a cup of bread and milk every morning and strolling off into some high weeds back of the horse pond. Her mother thought nothing of it, until finally her curiosity was aroused, as the child could not be prevailed upon to sit in the house and eat, and would say in infantile prattle, 'Give pretty sing some.'"

One day her mother followed her, and the sight she beheld almost caused her to swoon. She screamed, grabbed the child and rushed to the house. She was too agitated for a time to speak, and then only in disjointed sentences, until she had torn the child's clothing off and examined it. Finding she was unhurt, she became calmer, and told what she had discovered. She saw the child sitting in the weeds with her bread and milk in her lap, and in front of her a big black snake. She was feeding the snake with the bread and milk. The child showed not the slightest fear. On the contrary she was in high glee, and seemed to be delighted with her strange pet. The snake was killed the next morning. The child seemed to miss it, and for a week or more she had a big cry at not being allowed to go out and feed it."

UNABLE TO NEGOTIATE.

Inventor's Skill and Peddler's Eloquence Were Alike Untempting.

"You've taken up all of my time you're going to," said the woman at the kitchen door, wrathfully. "I've told you I don't want any pins, towels, soap, lead pencils, stove blacking, combs or tin spoons. I'll give you just ten seconds to get away from here!"

"That reminds me ma'am," said the peddler, opening his package again, "that I've got a little arrangement here for the accurate measurement of time, so you don't have to guess at it. It's generally used in boiling eggs and consists, as you see, of a little glass filled at one end with sand which by simply inverting runs slowly through the wasp-waist in the center down to the other end, registering accurately each and every time you use it and allowing about three minutes and twenty seconds for the boiling of an egg, which, as you know, is about the proper time if the water is boiling when the egg is put in, unless you want the egg boiled hard, and every authority on wholesome diet will tell you, madam, that hard-boiled egg is unwholesome, causing indigestion and sometimes redness of the nose, for which there is no cosmetic that will."

By active exertions he managed to reach the corner of the kitchen and get around it before the dipperful of boiling water got there.

Curious Effects of Frost.

An egg expands when it is frozen so much that the increased bulk breaks the shell. Apples, on the contrary, contract to such an extent that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer will be a foot below the chime. When the frost has been slowly and carefully drawn out they again assume their normal size and appearance. Apples can be transported when the mercury is twenty degrees below zero. Potatoes once touched by frost are ruined.

A Happy Country.

Serious crime is almost unknown in Norway. The punishment for murder is decapitation at the block by the public executioner; but during the five years I lived there, says a traveler, there was but one murder and no execution, for the simple reason that the murderer was never identified.

BEWITCHED

Was His Trusty Gun, so the Old Farmer Thought.

It happened one autumn that a farmer, Bill Hawkins by name, had gone to one of the numerous husking bees, taking his gun. Placing it in a corner he proceeded to mix with the crowd and have a good time generally. Of course, refreshments were served, and Bill was feeling happy when the party broke up.

Taking up his gun, he started on his way home, singing. Suddenly the gun went off with a loud report. He was startled, as he couldn't remember having loaded the weapon. He continued his journey and his song, but just as he reached the end of a verse another report rent the night air. With a look of surprise on his face he examined the gun, but could find no cause for its unusual conduct. After this the gun punctuated his remarks and songs with reports that increased in loudness every time.

Bill began to get nervous and was carrying his gun gingerly in his hand, when, with a terrific roar, the gun again exploded. He jumped into the air, and, dropping the gun with a wild yell, broke into his swiftest run and never stopped until safe at home and in bed, where he remained shaking with fear all night.

A few days later, while relating his experience to a crowd of men hanging around the store, he noticed a grin on the faces of his audience. Demanding an explanation, the mystery was soon solved. Some jokers had taken his gun and put in a big charge of powder and then a thin slice of punk, then a smaller charge and another slice of punk, and so on until the gun was full, and just before Bill started for home they lighted the last piece of punk. As Bill listened an expression of deep disgust spread over his face.

HE WAS A PLUMBER.

Though His First Tender for a Job Did Not Look Encouraging.

"The plumber joke is worked to death, but I will tell you one anyhow, just because it is true," began a friend. "The young woman that figures in the story was sprinkling the street and used a hose that was sadly in need of repair. An itinerant plumber came along with a kit of tools slung over his shoulder. He asked the young woman if she wanted the hose fixed."

"What will you charge?" she answered.

"The man looked at the hose critically and then said he would repair it for fifteen cents. This was contrary to all traditions relating to plumbers' prices, so the young woman told the man she did not believe he was what he represented himself to be."

"Still," she said, "go ahead and fix the hose."

"The man took out his tools and soon had the hose nearly as good as new. The miss gave the man fifteen cents. He shook his head and said he wanted forty-five."

"Why," said the young woman in surprise, "you said you would do the work for fifteen cents."

"Yes, I know," he returned, "but there was more work than I thought."

"Well, I was afraid you wasn't a plumber when you first came up, but now I know you are, and am willing to give you a certificate to that effect," was what the young woman said when she gave the man his pay."

ACCURATE DESCRIPTION.

A Man's Best Effort to Describe How a Lady Was Dressed.

While I was stopping at a friend's house the other day her husband came home, and before he had taken off his coat and hat he exclaimed:

"Well, I wish you could have seen the woman I saw to-day!"

"Why, was she pretty?" we both asked.

"Pretty? Well, I should say so, and she had the neatest little suit you ever saw. By Jove! I wish you could get something that looked like that once in awhile," he said, turning to his wife.

"Well, tell us what it was like, and maybe I can," she observed.

"Oh, I can't tell you just what it was like, but it had those things over the shoulders like your purple dress."

"Do you mean ruffles?" interrupted his wife.

"Yes, I guess they are ruffles. It had a skirt of peculiar color, and the basque was a sort of green. She wore a coat or something like most women wear, and a hat with ribbon over it. She looked stunning, I tell you!"

And his wife murmured: "I should think so."

False Eyelashes.

It was the Parisian women who were accredited two or three years ago with the objectionable practice of injecting perfume under the skin, by which the very blood became aromatic, and now to them is ascribed another process less objectionable, perhaps, but still very questionable. It is a method by which false eyelashes may be made. A fine needle threaded with dark hair is drawn through the skin of the eyelid, forming long loops, and, after the operation is over—which it is said is painless—there remains a beautiful fringe to veil the wearer's eyes.

Strange Coincidence.

Six years ago George Blaisdell of Montezuma, N. Y., while at a funeral, dropped dead in Port Byron cemetery. Three years ago a brother of Blaisdell's widow, while walking in the same cemetery, dropped dead near Blaisdell's grave. The other day Mrs. Blaisdell went to the cemetery to order work done on the lot where her husband and brother were buried, and, while talking with the superintendent, dropped suddenly to the ground and died almost instantly.

CLOTHING.

MY NEW WINTER STOCK which has been selected with special reference to the trade of this locality, will probably surprise all who see it, by the extensive variety it offers in every line of goods which I carry. It includes the pick of the market in fresh Winter Styles, and not less astonishing than the goods, will be the

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